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MEMORIAL

OF

PROFESSOR AARON WARNER.

AMHERST:
1884.

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NOTE.

This memorial is printed (not published) for the benefit of the children, grandchildren, and other relatives of Professor Warner. If it should chance to fall under the eye of any one else, the purpose for which it is written may be a sufficient apology for whatever might otherwise incur criticism.

In preparing this sketch, there have been two objects in view — the permanent preservation of the facts of Professor Warner's life, and the exhibition of his character, partly through the record itself, and partly through what is said of him by different persons, who were his intimate acquaintances in various relations and at successive periods of his life.

He was the last man in the world to anticipate any such memorial; and so it has required much labor to look through his papers, put away once for all, when he had no further use for them, and to search out what might be serviceable, as well as to collect by correspondence many facts not otherwise definitely known, or of which only vague impressions remained in the minds of any of the household.

Many other incidents might, without doubt, have been learned from him in conversation, had the thought ever suggested itself, while he was living, of paying any such tribute to his memory.

In addition to private sources of information, credit should be given for many things herein mentioned, to

The Genealogy of the Warner Family, by Hon. Oliver Warner.
Hallock's Life of Justin Edwards.
Felt's History of Ipswich.
Judd's History of Hadley.
Clark's Historicals of Northampton.
History of the Connecticut Valley in Massachusetts.
President Dwight's Travels in New England.
Durfee's History of Williams College.
History of Presbyterianism in South Carolina, by Rev. George Howe, D. D.
Brooks' History of Medford.
Lancaster's History of Gilmanton, N. H.

E. P. C.

Amherst, February, 1884.

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MEMORIAL.

I.

ANCESTRY.

On a tombstone at St. Mary Quay, Ipswich, England, is the following epitaph:

JOHN WARNER, Ipswich, ob. 1641, aet. 92.

I Warner was unto myself
Now warning am to thee
Both living dying dead I warn
See then thou warned be.

1. The precise relationship of this man to the New England Warners is not known. But among the large number of those who for the sake of civil and religious freedom came to this country in the great period of emigration, between the years 1620 and 1640, were WILLIAM WARNER of Ipswich, England, and his family including three children, who with his pastor settled in 1637 in Ipswich—one of the foremost towns in the colony in the intelligence and worth of character and thrift of its earlier inhabitants, as it was one of the oldest in settlement.

A few years after its founding in 1633, the historian Johnson recorded the fact that "the peopling of this town is by men of good rank and quality, many of them having the yearly revenue of large lands in England before they came to this wilderness." And in 1638 Cotton Mather wrote concerning it: "Here was a renowned church consisting mostly of such illuminated Christians, that their pastors, in the exercise of their ministry might think that they had to do not so much with disciples as judges." Of this church William Warner was a member. He died before the year 1648.

2. His son JOHN, born about 1616, and married March 10, 1645 to Priscilla, daughter of Mark Symonds, a "freeman" of Ipswich, remained a citizen of that town for about twenty years longer, (during which time most if not all of his nine children were born) favored with the religious instructions of Rev. Messrs John Norton and Nathaniel Rogers, graduates of one of the English Universities and ministers eminent for ability, learning and piety. The eldest of his children must also have had the privileges of the "Ipswich Grammar School," as that was established before 1651.

When the territory of Brookfield was granted to a number of citizens of Ipswich in May, 1660, he was one of the three trustees in whom the deed of the town was vested, and about the year 1665, removed to that place—then an isolated settlement between the sea-coast and the towns in the Connecticut valley. In king Philip's war, this village was attacked by the Indians early in August, 1675, and though bravely defended and its garrison finally relieved, almost all the buildings were destroyed and it was for a time deserted by the inhabitants. John Warner removed to Hadley, where he died at an advanced age, about 1692, leaving by will among his other effects to his heirs "two bibles, two catechisms and six sermon-books."

3. One of John's sons, MARK, (born in Ipswich) preceded him to Hadley, about 1670, and married Abigail daughter of Richard Montague of that town, Dec. 8, 1671. The minister of Hadley Rev. John Russell, Jr., born in England, was a graduate of Harvard College in 1645, and had accompanied the first settlers of the place from Hartford in 1659. "He was an active and faithful pastor and a man of great courage, firmness and decision of character," which qualities were especially illustrated in his concealing in his house the regicides Whalley and Goffe from 1664 until they died, (the one in 1676, the other in 1680). Mr. Russell died in 1692. Both John and Mark Warner were his parishioners and sat under his preaching. And they undoubtedly witnessed the memorable scene, when the people, assembled for worship on a Fast-day, Sept. 1, 1675, were thrown into the utmost terror and confusion by tidings of an Indian attack on the outskirts of the village, and "a venerable elderly person of different mien and dress suddenly appeared in the midst of them, encouraged, rallied and led them on against the enemy with complete success and then as suddenly disappeared."

During this war, we are told, Hadley "was by no means a dull place. The houses were often filled to overflowing; companies of soldiers were arriving and departing, armed men appeared daily in

the broad street and the red flag waved in the breeze." Except in the winter mail-messengers traveled between Hadley and Boston and were not harmed. Among these, mention is made in the records of Nathaniel Warner, a son of John who was a "post" to Boston many times in 1675 and 1676,—when about 20 years of age. The educational privileges in Hadley in those days were very good as the Hopkins Grammar School was founded as early as 1667, and from the first was taught by college graduates and furnished instruction in all the studies preparatory to College.

About 1687 Mark Warner removed to Northampton and bought a homestead which included the lot at the corner of Bridge and Hawley streets. His wife died in 1705. In 1713 he married Mrs. Mary Root, lived at Westfield until 1732 and then returned to Northampton, where he died May 3, 1738, at the age of about ninety years.

4. His son Mark Warner 2nd, who was born in Hadley, Feb. 20, 1678, was thus reared from the age of nine, in Northampton, where also a Grammar School had been already established (about 1671) and where the minister was the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, a graduate of Harvard College, "a man of great learning and piety, a plain, experimental and argumentative preacher, who not only enjoyed the respect, confidence and love of his people and was venerated by them as a father, but who possessed more influence than any other clergyman in the Province during a period of thirty years," and whose pastorate of fifty-seven years terminated with his death in 1729, when he was at the age of eighty-six.

Mark Warner, 2nd, married Lydia, daughter of Nathaniel Phelps in 1701 and lived on his farm at "Blackpole," the Northern part of what is now Prospect street, until his death August 3, 1766 at the age of eighty-nine. Mrs. Warner died Nov. 19, 1765, aged eighty-two.

5. Their children were eleven in number. One of these was Daniel who was born in 1717 and whose childhood (from the age of ten) and youth were passed under the ministry of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, America's greatest theologian. Of the preaching of that distinguished divine and of the effects of it, manifested in part in "the great awakening" of 1733–35, Mr. Warner could give accounts to his grandchildren—among them the subject of this sketch.

He could also describe to them the appearance and condition of the town in that early time, the village consisting almost wholly of block houses, the abundance of game of all kinds, including deer, in the surrounding woods, and the choice varieties of fish in the rivers,

the arrival of freight from Boston by way of the Connecticut river—the regular route up to the time of the Revolution at least—the introduction of tea and coffee about the middle of the century, the first book store in town opened in 1769, where were on sale Testaments, catechisms and other religious books, biographies, dictionaries, Latin school books, some medical and law books.

Of the almost constant fear of the Indians in which the inhabitants had lived from the memorable attack upon the town in 1676, and of the occasional encounters with the savages, which occurred in the immediate vicinity even down to the conquest of Canada, and of one of which at least he had had personal experience, he could also give these grandchildren vivid impressions.

This constant exposure to danger, indeed, was the reason for his continuing to live at or near his father's, after his marriage to Jemima, daughter of Samuel Wright in 1746, until the end of the French and Indian war. Then, in 1759, he removed to what was called "Bear hill," afterwards the "Warner district," and built his house on a site about ten rods west of the one now owned and occupied by Mr. John F. Warner. At that time there were only two others between "Blackpole" and what is now Haydenville. There were born and reared his seven children. In 1790 this house was destroyed by fire, and in the one which took its place Mr. Warner spent his declining years. Dying at the age of eighty-seven, Dec. 11, 1804, the words inscribed on his tombstone in the Northampton cemetery are still to be read there:

Eternity unfolds what time can't give
Tis only when we live to die we die to live.

6. The third child and oldest son of Daniel Warner was JOSEPH. He was born Dec. 25, 1751, grew up under the preaching of the Rev. John Hooker, the fourth minister of Northampton, "whose sound discretion and instructive discourses secured the love and respect of his people, who is represented as a man of most winning manners and as particularly endearing himself to the youth of the Congregation," and became a member of his church in 1791.

March 25, 1779, he married Jerusha Edwards, born Feb. 28, 1759, of a family whose successive generations were well matched with this line of the Warners in length of days, religious and educational privileges and character.

1. In 1640, ALEXANDER EDWARDS, a parishioner of a noted Puritan preacher, named Wroth, emigrated to this country from a border town in Wales and settled in Springfield. There he married

Mrs. Sarah Searl, April 28, 1642, about the year 1655 removed to Northampton and died in that town Sept. 4, 1690, twenty years after the ministry of Stoddard began.

2. Of his eight children, the eldest, SAMUEL, born March 7, 1643, married Sarah Boykin of New Haven about 1675 and died April 13, 1712, at the age of sixty-eight, fifteen years before the end of this same patriarchal pastorate.

3. His eldest son, SAMUEL EDWARDS, 2ND, was born March 26, 1676, married Mercy Pomeroy in 1708 (who died in 1712), then married Sarah Pomeroy of Colchester, Conn., and died March 8, 1749, just before the end of Edwards' ministry, leaving nine children, among them (4) NOAH, who was born June 6, 1722, married Jerusha Alvord June 28, 1749 (who died in 1798), was a resident of Westhampton and died Sept. 3, 1805, aged eighty-three.

Of him and his ancestors the historian Judd remarks: "They were all farmers, industrious men, neither rich nor poor; and nearly all of them, male and female, were members of the church and highly esteemed for their worth of character.

5. One of the eight children of Noah Edwards was JERUSHA, who became a member of the church in Northampton, in 1779, soon after her marriage to Joseph Warner. Their married life was spent on the homestead of his father. There their eleven children were born and reared; and there died Mrs. Warner Sept. 13, 1833, aged seventy-four, and Mr. Warner, April 15, 1836, aged eighty-four.*

On his tomb stone are the words:

Through long experience I have known
Thy sovereign power to save
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

*See Appendix A.

II.

BOYHOOD AND NATIVE TOWN.

1794—1812.

The house in which Aaron Warner the son of Joseph and Jerusha Edwards Warner was born, Oct. 20, 1794, was built about four years before that date, to take the place of the old homestead destroyed by fire. It stood a few rods west of the highway, facing the road, which at that point branched off eastward to Hadley ferry. A maple and a few butternut trees in the front yard near it are still standing; and the deep well of pure water behind the house is in use to this day.

Not far distant to the west of it flowed the river which now turns so many mills in its course from Williamsburg through Leeds, Florence and the centre of the town to the Connecticut.

Here were passed his childhood and youth, in the opening years of the century, from the age of six to eighteen. In the household when his seventh year began were the venerable grandfather and grandmother, three sisters, Electa, Jerusha and Sarah whose ages, then, were respectively, eighteen, fifteen and thirteen, five older brothers, Oliver, Solomon, Joseph, Seth and Moses, their ages ranging from twenty down to eight years and one younger—John—not yet three years old. Before Aaron had reached his seventeenth year four of these eight older children were married and had left the home.

The father in this household was not only well known in the community as a man of intelligence and good judgment and of strict integrity in all his relations with his fellow men, but he was a devout and conscientious christian. The mother too was an eminently godly woman. Every morning and evening family worship was conducted. At sundown on Saturday all secular work was stopped, according to the custom of the region, the Sabbath was sacredly observed and at all seasons, whatever the weather might be, the family

were constant in their attendance upon church service in the one "meeting house" of the town at the centre—the boys generally traveling the three miles each way on foot. The fifth minister of the town, Rev. Solomon Williams, was then in his prime, of whom it is written that "his style of preaching was highly scriptural, his sermons well studied, perspicuous, polished and searching," that he was "untiring in his duties as a pastor and highly esteemed during his long pastorate of fifty-six years."

The meeting house, in which he preached and in which the Warner family attended worship until 1813, stood in the present highway, south of what is now the "First church" and faced eastwardly.

"It was a plain, unpretending structure, with a steeple, clock and bell, and with entrances on three sides. The pulpit was at the centre of the north side of the audience-room, canopied by a sounding-board on which were the figures "1735," and on the opposite side was a gallery. The pews were nearly square, with seats on three sides, and high-backed with nicely turned balusters in the upper part of the high-backs. No heat was to be had in the meeting house except what was afforded by small hand-stoves containing live coals."

When Aaron was a little older—from his tenth year onward—a good deal of his time was spent in the different kinds of work upon the farm; but along with these were the peculiar and delightful recreations of farm-life for this "rosy-cheeked boy" as others remembered him to have been then,—the coasting and sugaring, the boating and swimming, the fishing and hunting. The streams then teemed with salmon as well as shad, and the brooks with trout. Pigeons, squirrels and other small game were abundant, and occasionally wild turkeys were found. The boys were of course not above trapping woodchucks. Bears had disappeared from the region but the name of "Bear hill" in the Warner district testified to the fact of their presence as late as the time when his grandfather first lived there. Wolves were seen at a much later period. Mr. Warner used to tell his children the story of a large and valuable specimen of the silver-gray variety which was trapped by his brothers in the river-meadow but dragged the trap to a distant spot on land now owned by Mr. Moses Warner and was pursued and shot there.

Once in a while there was a grand militia muster. To one of these, on Hadley common, he walked with an older brother and enjoyed the brilliant spectacle of the gaily uniformed brigade and their sham fight; but on attempting to return at nightfall, the crowd waiting to cross the river on each trip of the ferry-boat was so great, that the boys were compelled to abandon that route and take the round-about way by Hatfield bridge, reaching home at a late hour, to the great relief of their anxious parents.

On the completion of the first bridge between the two towns (Northampton and Hadley) in October, 1808, he had an opportunity to witness, at "the grand opening," the procession of military and civic bodies and "the clergy," crossing and recrossing it with martial music, under the salute of minute guns alternately from the opposite banks of the river and beneath the arch erected at the centre decorated with evergreens and United States standards; though he did *not* hear "the ingenious, elegant and truly appropriate sermon" delivered on the occasion in the church, or partake of the "elegant entertainment" provided afterwards for the older people.

A few books mostly religious, with one weekly newspaper—*The Hampshire Gazette*—made up the reading of the household; but the wide-awake boy must have been, from that age, more and more an attentive listener to the talk of the older members of the family upon matters of local and national interest and important public events, such as the public life of their eminent townsman, that stanch Federalist Gov. Caleb Strong, (particularly on his re-election to the chief magistracy of the Commonwealth in 1811 and his sturdy maintenance of state rights when in that office,) the brilliant oratory of the young Northampton lawyer E. H. Mills, afterwards Congressman and United States Senator, the second election of President Jefferson in 1804, at a time when party spirit was intense and bitter, the trial of Aaron Burr for treason in 1807, the election of President Madison involving the final defeat of the federalists the next year, the career of Napoleon, the aggressions of England upon the rights and interests of this country increasing from the noted attack upon the frigate "Chesapeake" in 1807 to their culmination in the war of 1812. Such as these certainly were among the topics of general and exciting conversation, which must have attracted the attention and have aided in stimulating the mental growth of all the children in that family circle.

The advantages afforded by the district schools of that time were limited and meager, but when he was about fourteen, Aaron was given for a time the privilege of taking up more advanced studies in the "Hawley Grammar School" at the centre; and one season, at least, he was a member of a private select school of Dr. Hunt, having his home in the family of his uncle Eli Edwards on Hawley Street.

Then also began his more particular acquaintance with the village and the families which gave it character, and that development which always comes to a young man from contact with such society and

with all the influences of a stirring, enterprising and thrifty New England town like Northampton—the county-seat of old Hampshire, which, until the year 1811, included what are now Hampden and Franklin counties.

Of the Northampton of that day as it would appear to a boy of his age, a good idea may be obtained from the interesting sketch by President Dwight of Yale College, (who taught a classical school there between 1790 and 1797), in his "Travels in New England," about the year 1810, when Aaron was sixteen years old.

"The objects by which the town is surrounded are not within my knowledge excelled in splendor and beauty. The magnificent front presented by the two mountains Tom and Holyoke, with the fine opening between them limited by the Lyme range at the distance of thirty miles, forms an assemblage not less delightful than singular; and Round Hill, the summit of an elevation terminating in the centre of the town, a summit finely regular and crowned with a noble grove, is inferior to no object of the same kind in New England.

"The population of the town (in 1810) is 2631. The village is built on ten streets proceeding from the centre, with no very distant resemblance to the claws of a crab; only somewhat less winding and less regular. In spite of this irregularity the town with its scenery is a very interesting object to the eye. A considerable number of houses are ordinary; many are good and not a small proportion are handsome. They are, however, so scattered in the different streets as not to make much impression on the eye. None of the public buildings are handsome.

"The stores and shops built upon the sides of an irregular square in the centre give the traveller a lively impression of the business which is carried on. There is a court house, a bank, a paper-mill, two printing offices and a bookstore; and a great deal of mechanical and mercantile business is done in the town.

"A general love of order prevails, a general submission to laws and magistrates, a general regularity of life, a general harmony and good neighborhood, a sober industry and frugality, a general hospitality and charity. Probably no people have ever been more punctual in their attendance upon public worship than they, down to 1800. During a great part of this period religion has flourished in an eminent degree.

"The people of Northampton have always been particularly friendly to learning. Prior to the year 1800 one hundred of its young men had been liberally educated; and the number of professional and liberally educated men who have made Northampton their home has been equally large."

A large part of Aaron's preparation for College was made with his oldest brother Oliver, who had been prevented by ill-health from entering college after being in readiness for it. After completing this preparation he continued his studies another year chiefly at home, but for about two months under the tuition of his cousin Justin

Edwards, afterwards the distinguished theologian, preacher and advocate of Temperance and the Sabbath, who had graduated at Williams College in 1810 and was a member of Andover Theological Seminary, but was then spending some time at his home in Westhampton.

III.

COLLEGIATE AND THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION.

1812—1819.

Mr. Warner entered the Sophomore Class in Williams College, in 1812, journeying over the hills about forty miles to Williamstown by private conveyance. Afterwards at the beginning or end of the vacations he sometimes travelled the whole distance to or from his home on foot.

Of the experiences of his three years of College life we have no certain knowledge, but may be able to form some idea of them from the situation of the Institution and its condition at that time, from the subjects of his studies and the character of his teachers and associates.

Of the location and surroundings of the College a distinguished graduate of the class of 1817 has written as follows:

"The grand and lovely scenery by which the College is surrounded, the mountains and the valley—summer with its robe of green, and autumn with its gorgeous hues—have entered most intimately into the inner life of the College—into the education of the heart and intellect of the young men who have resorted thither."

"But it is difficult at this day (1860) to make one understand the perfect isolation of the spot in the earlier years of the Institution. Nothing in the form of stage-coach or public vehicle ever entered the town. Once a week a messenger on horseback brought newspapers and letters from Boston and the eastern part of the state; another in a one-horse wagon came with the county newspapers printed at Stockbridge and Pittsfield, and by a similar mode and at like intervals we heard from Albany and Troy. With the exception of these, not a ripple of the commotion that disturbed the world outside of these barriers of hills and mountains ever reached the unruffled calm of our valley life."

The College buildings of that day are also described by the same writer:

"The College, then not twenty years old, owned but three buildings, West College, a fine, plain, imposing structure of brick, of four stories, containing at one end in its second and third stories the Chapel, East College of the same material and similar dimensions, with one of its rooms containing the philosophical apparatus, and a small wooden building used for the Chemical laboratory and lecture-room. The College Library was small—about three thousand volumes—but well supplied with the classics. None of the students' rooms were painted or papered, or had carpets on them, or furniture in them worth ten dollars."

"The College grounds," wrote the poet Bryant, a member of the College in 1810—11, "consisted of an open green between the two main buildings, and surrounding them both. From one to the other you passed by a straight avenue of Lombardy poplars, which formed the sole embellishment of the grounds." "All the water we used was drawn from a spring at the foot of the hill south of East College."

Respecting the condition of the college community at the time Mr. Warner entered, the published history of the Institution contains the following statement:

"A revival of religion in the spring of 1812, had almost revolutionized the character of the students. The results were permanent; and during the three years that followed (1812—1815) the students prosecuted their appropriate pursuits, in an atmosphere quiet and tranquil, congenial to mental improvement as well as growth in divine things. Besides the studies of the college curriculum there were already two flourishing literary societies."

"The amusements of the students were simple and few, and between the collegians and many of the families of the town there was a pleasant social relation and intercourse."

Through the first year of his membership in college his teachers were the tutors, Dyar Bancroft of the class of 1809, who in 1813 was invited to become professor of Latin and Greek, but declined and afterwards was a successful lawyer, and Samuel M. Emerson of the class of 1810, whose subsequent life was spent in faithful and useful work as a preacher and pastor. The studies of that year were algebra, geometry, conic sections, rhetoric and logic, with a continuance of the course in Latin, Greek and French.

To the Junior year (1813—14) belonged trigonometry and astronomy, and for the first time in the history of the college apparatus was provided and a systematic course of experimental lectures given in chemistry and natural philosophy. The Professor in this department for many years from 1810 was Chester Dewey, LL.D., of the class of 1806, then in the vigor of his early manhood, an enthusiastic scholar in science, an able teacher and an interesting preacher. In the management of the college he also held a promi-

nent position and did much to enlarge the course of study and advance the standard of scholarship.

"In the field of American science he was one of the pioneers. He also exerted upon the students of the College an admirable and powerful religious influence; and they were accustomed to go to him for counsel, guidance and encouragement."

During the Senior year Mr. Warner's instructor was President Fitch, whose administration began with the founding of the college and ended with the graduation of the class of 1815. The subjects of his teaching were metaphysics, ethics, history, national law, civil polity and theology. And the testimony of competent judges is that "in most respects he was well qualified to have the instruction of young men."

"As a teacher he was faithful and communicative; and those students who were instructed by him during the Senior year, will never forget the ability and interest with which he explained and illustrated the writings of Locke, Paley and Vattel."

It is also written of him that

"He possessed the talent of government to that degree that he was revered and beloved by his numerous pupils. He shewed himself to be their friend; and they in turn heartily reciprocated his friendship. He treated them as gentlemen and they rarely failed to be gentlemanly in return. Few instructors have been more gratefully remembered by their pupils."

The whole number of students was then about ninety. Among the twenty-four members of this class of 1815—none of whom are now living—some of Mr. Warner's more intimate acquaintances were John Birdsall, judge of the Supreme Court of Texas, Abner Haseltine, lawyer and member of Congress from Western New York, Judge Charles Noble of Detroit, Lucius Smith a mayor of Newark, N. J. and Charles Goddard, "a scholar and writer."

In other classes, while he was a member of College, were U. S. Senator Chester Ashley, of Arkansas; Dr. Orville Dewey, the distinguished Unitarian divine—the profound thinker, eminent writer and pulpit orator; Rev. Dr. Jonas King, the missionary to Greece; Rev. Dr. Worthington Smith, President of Vermont University; Rev. Dr. Dorus Clarke; Hon. Emory Washburn, Governor, and Professor of Law in Harvard University.

Near the beginning of the summer term of his Senior year a revival of religion suddenly made its appearance. "It came," says one of the subjects of it, "in the majestic stillness of God, and scarce a heart but felt its near and intimate relations to the great things of

the future. The aspect of College was suddenly changed. Our rooms were places for prayer and religious conversation."

In that time of religious awakening, Mr. Warner was one of the large number who entered upon the Christian life, and of this experience, a fellow-student, Rev. Dr. Dorus Clarke, writes:

"Having had some general acquaintance with each other before entering College, his home being only three miles distant from mine, we were naturally brought into some degree of intimacy, though two college years apart. I recollect very distinctly the exercises of his mind at that eventful period; and what impressed me most deeply was the clear and satisfactory evidence of his real conversion to Christ. I remember that I wished I had as good evidence of my own conversion as I had of that of Aaron Warner; and his sweet and cheerful Christian spirit ever afterwards fully convinced me that he had been with Jesus and learned of Him."

This change in his religious character turned his thoughts towards the ministry, and in the autumn following his graduation he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, becoming very soon after, a member of the Seminary church.

Among the teachers in that school of the prophets, then, were Rev. Dr. Ebenezer Porter and Professor Moses Stuart, the personal friendship of both of whom he ever after enjoyed as long as they lived.

Two years were spent there in studies most congenial to his tastes and with such men for his classmates and associates as the late Rev. Alvan Bond, D. D. of Norwich, Conn.; Rev. A. W. Burnham, D. D. of Rindge, N. H., and the missionaries Rev. Pliny Fisk, Levi Spaulding (who served fifty-five years in the mission field in Ceylon) and Myron Winslow (nearly as long a time in India.) His health then becoming impaired he spent a year of rest at home, but returned and after a third year of study graduated in 1819.

In the class of that year—of twenty members—were Revs. Hiram Bingham and Asa Thurston, long missionaries at the Sandwich Islands and Cyrus Byington, among the Choctaw Indians, Rev. Dr. Luther F. Dimmick an honored pastor at Newburyport, Dr. Louis Dwight, Secretary of the Prison Discipline Society, Dr. H. J. Ripley, Professor in Newton Theological Seminary, Dr. Joseph Torrey, of Vermont University, Dr. John Wheeler, President of the same Institution and several others, already mentioned as in College with him.

The diploma of gradnation is signed by the four professors, Rev. Doctors Porter, Woods, Murdock and Stuart and reads as follows:

Theological Seminary.

Andover, Mass., Sept. 20, A. D. 1819.

This certifies that Mr. Aaron Warner has been a member of this Seminary for three years; has statedly attended the public and private exercises prescribed by the laws; has sustained a christian character, and honorably completed the regular course of Theological Study.

IV.

FIRST MINISTERIAL WORK AND ORDINATION.

1819—1823.

Mr. Warner did not seek a license to preach until nearly the end of the Seminary course. At a meeting of the Andover Association of ministers at Andover, July 6, 1819, Rev. Samuel Stearns, moderator, he made application for licensure, and in the language of the certificate "was approbated for the work of the Christian ministry, and recommended to the notice and employment of the churches of Christ wherever God in his Providence shall call him."

For a year or more after his Seminary graduation he preached in various places in the state, as opportunity offered. In the autumn of 1820, on account of his health he went to Charleston, S. C. for the winter. There he became the missionary of the "Dorcas Society"—a domestic missionary association of the "Circular Church," one of the oldest of the Presbyterian denomination in that city—and continued in its service three successive seasons, spending the intervening summers at the north.

For this mission a place was provided for public worship which he conducted every Sabbath, besides occasionally preaching in the church itself,—in one of these years, for a considerable length of time, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. Benj. Palmer, D. D.

Mr. Warner's other duties consisted in a periodical visitation of the families of the poor, throughout the city which was divided into districts for this purpose. On these visits he inquired into the bodily and religious wants of the people, conversed with them on personal religion, gave them Christian sympathy in their troubles, as well as counsels and exhortations, distributed bibles and tracts, secured the attendance of their children at Sabbath-schools and held neighborhood conference and prayer-meetings among them.

His field of labor included also the Marine Hospital and other places where sailors were to be found, and slave-families to whom he

gave bibles when they asked for them, although this was strictly contrary to law. "Who will dare to forbid them the Word of life, if they crave it?" he writes in his journal.

Of the condition of the people to whom he ministered, and of his work among them he made monthly reports to the Society and for this purpose kept a "Sketch-Book of proceedings among the poor of Charleston." The part of this which is preserved, shows how systematic and thorough this visiting was and records some of the incidents occurring in that most genuine work of philanthropy.

Respecting him when engaged in that service Mrs. J. W. Fenn, now of Portland, Me., writes:

"I was too young when Rev. Mr. Warner first went to the South to recall much that is definite about him. But I remember that he was very cordially received on his visiting Charleston by my parents, Hon. Thomas Legaré and wife, both on his own account and as a special friend of Rev. Dr. Elipha White, their son-in-law, who had been in the Seminary with him at Andover."

"As city missionary he was greatly esteemed by the leading Christian men of the city and by all its churches. He was very winning in his manners and was felt to be a man of God, deeply imbued with the love of the Savior, faithful and ardent. His genial, tender, Christlike spirit endeared him to them socially, caused in them the greatest regret when he parted from them and made his memory a blessed fragrance."

From some stray leaves of a private journal, which Mr. Warner kept during those years, are taken the following passages:

"Oct. 7, 1821 Sabbath evening. It is one thing to meditate with pleasure on the things which have a relation to ourselves, another on the moral glory of God as distinct from any immediate reference to our interests. Real spiritual enjoyment is of the latter kind, its source is the moral character of God; He is loved for what he is in himself. Oh how much I lack in this! The Lord enable me henceforth to find my pleasure in Him, out of myself. May I grow in grace, and be less condemned by my own preaching! May I do my duty from the same feelings as an angel has! We strive to promote the cause of Christ in others and let ourselves go; to make *them* pure and remain unholy ourselves;—yet God is as much dishonored often by the manner in which we attempt to render others holy, as he is by their unholiness itself. We grossly mistake in laboring for God with unholy hearts, or in doing it with a spirit of revenge or pride."

"Oct. 14th. Preached in the Orphan House, from Rom. VIII, 9, last clause. Never felt so unable to preach as this afternoon. I would have gone anywhere but to the pulpit. I felt myself to be nothing and less than nothing. It seemed to me that I never ought to count on any pleasure in my work. Yet the Lord was better to me than my fears."

"My mind has too much anxiety for myself. Wait, O my soul, and see where thy God would have thee go. In regard to going to New Orleans, I desire, if God opens the way, to be directed by him: if it is not his will, I would

stay here, or go elsewhere if he pleases. I am weak. O God! strengthen me in body and soul! Let me be given to thee in heart, life, in time and in Eternity."

"Nov. 5. Preached at St. Andrews. The scene was new and strange. A new church, where it appeared that the wonderful providence of God had brought me."

During his residence in Charleston, near the close of the year 1822, Mr. Warner made a trip to St. Augustine, Fla., for the further improvement of his health, and spent most of the month of December in that town—the oldest in the United States. On Christmas day he preached in the old "Spanish Government House" there, the first Protestant sermon, after the transfer of Florida by Spain to the United States in 1819; and by that and other religious services laid the foundation of a Presbyterian church, which still exists.

A part of a description of St. Augustine and its inhabitants which he wrote at that time is as follows:

"The city of St. Augustine is one of the meanest I ever saw; almost fallen to decay, but under the enterprise of the Americans promises to become of some importance when the back country is cultivated. For the present it must be poor, and grow gradually."

"The objects which strike a stranger on his approach to this place are the fort, the Catholic church, and the monastery, now occupied as barracks for soldiers. The buildings are generally poor and falling to decay; the streets narrow, hardly permitting carts to pass each other."

"The city is defended on the harbor by the fort, and a trench is dug and fortifications thrown up on the north from the North river to the St. Sebastian which flows on the west. A gate leads out at the north; over the trench is thrown a bridge which connects with the country road leading out to the St. Johns river, forty miles to Pablo and forty to the Cow ford."

"The land immediately north is a sandy plain for several miles out, though on the North river are some spots of marsh. Twelve miles from the city on the North river is what is called Twelve Mile swamp, containing ten thousand acres or more, which is very fine land."

"The North river and Pablo creek are six miles distant from each other; a canal through this distance would open a water communication between this and the St. Johns, and proves that there is now an inland navigation to St. Mary's, eighty miles. An inland navigation is easily formed from St. Augustine to Charleston."

"The St. Johns is a noble river. Its average breadth is more than a mile for a great distance. Up at the Cow ford, (twenty-eight miles away), it is one mile wide and will admit vessels drawing thirteen feet of water. It is navigable nearly a hundred miles further, up to Lake George."

The ignorance of this people is unbounded—very few of the children can read and they are of religion as destitute as the Indians. "*Per Dios*" is in their mouths on every occasion."

In his journal appears also the following account of his return voyage to Charleston:

"Dec. 27, 1822. This afternoon, after having made the attempt three times since the 18th, our vessel went down to the bar, but the wind died away at dusk, and left us close in upon the breakers. The boat was sent ahead of the ship to veer it round. After some time, through the kind providence of God, it was effected, yet still we were in considerable danger. The wind immediately springing up from the northwest enabled us to beat up as far as the Tower. Here we were compelled to anchor for the night." * * * *

"Sabbath morning left St. Augustine and came out under a strong north wind. The bow of the vessel was almost under water. Passed the bar and left the pilot boat under the maledictions of their captain because our captain did not luff sufficiently for him to receive the pilot the moment he wanted him. The wind this day was northeast and blew heavily through the night. Monday it blew harder still and through the night continued almost a gale. The helm was lashed and we headed the wind under a close-reefed sail and flying jib. The rain poured and the spray came down through the skylight, and seemed as if it were going to take possession of the cabin. It was indeed a terrible night. The Lord was on many waters, but he carried us safely to the morning. May I never forget this 30th of December, 1822. Tuesday it was more mild and through the night a calm. Jan. 1, 1823: The wind sprang up from the southwest and blew a gale for some hours, and hard through the night."

"This was one of the most tedious voyages I ever experienced, yet the Lord brought me safely again to Charleston. We were out seven days and nights, on a passage of often only thirty hours. I have had enough of sea! enough of this wide and great sea!"

On reaching Charleston he resumed his missionary work for the rest of the season and left finally for the North, May 1, 1823, making the journey most of the way on horseback to Northampton.

Some things recorded in his journal on this trip are as follows:

"There is a crying sin in the existence of slavery in this country, and some one will awake or ruin will come down on our heads. Will God teach me my own duty on this point. I have never seen such misery among the blacks, as on my way. Some of them were entirely naked and in such wretched plight. Oh when shall this curse be removed!"

"The pain of leaving my dear friends in Charleston I did not feel, till immersed in these pine woods, far from society. How dear is the society of those who love God! Preached here (Lumberton) for Rev. Mr. M. We spent a few hours together after service, sang and prayed in his study and parted with no ordinary feelings. I was impressed with one remark he made on the intercourse of ministers with each other,—that the blessing of God could not be expected, till they held a more spiritual intercourse when in each other's society. If ever I enjoyed christian communion it was here; my soul felt toward him as to a brother."

"(Warrenton, Va). Here one old man seemed to be the head, if head it may be called that head has none. Ragged negroes in abundance! The whiskey

bottle seemed to be the watchword of the place. Our supper consisted of coffee (alias strong water); corn pounded and stuck together with water; Virginia duck roasted over a slow fire till the heat has just touched the middle; pieces of hog or imitation bacon; one large butter dish standing (without butter) by way of anticipation, to let us know that they would have it ready on our return, or to show that they once had it."

"Met here (Richmond, Va.) one of my college classmates, Mr. Goddard, and found him engaged in doing good and desirous of having me stay some time with him."

Some of his religious experiences during this stay at the South are further illustrated by lines of poetry found in his room, after he had left, and sent at a later day to one of his friends in Massachusetts.

"O hour of parting, thou art here!
How swift thy flight, how short thy stay!
Misgiving heart, O cease thy fear,
And calmly wipe the falling tear,
And farewell say.

"My little room so long endeared,
Where sweetest thoughts have crossed my breast,
Where I have prayed, and hoped, and feared,
And hark'd to hear the voice that cheered
My soul to rest—

"Farewell, thou little narrow space,
I leave to-day thy kind retreat;
Away from thee I turn my face,
And cheerful o'er my journey trace,
My home to meet.

"Farewell, thou hammock of repose,
On which I laid me down to rest,
Farewell! My heart thy kindness knows,
While eased of all my numerous woes,
I safely woke, and cheerful rose,
Because thou kept.

"I'll give thee up, my chair, Good bye!
Stand ready here, and wait for all,
While distant far I often sigh,
And wish in vain that thou wert nigh,
To wait my call.

"My precious Bible, farewell? No;
I'll keep thee till I mount on high.
If I depart then thou shalt go,
To guide my life, and soothe my woe,
And tell me all I wish to know,
Until I die.

"O house, endeared by kindness shown,
I owe thee much, I'd give thee more.
My heart shall still thy kindness own
E'en till the storm of life's o'erblown,
And friends shall catch my dying groan
And say—'tis o'er!

"Farewell! Ah no, we part to meet;
Our guardian God will guide us still—
The parent, child—O shall we meet?
Once more, rejoicing, shall we greet,
And meekly bow at Jesus' feet,
On Zion's hill?"

During the summer of that year Mr. Warner preached occasionally in various pulpits; but as his health continued in a precarious state, he did not venture to seek a settlement as a pastor. Yet, wishing to continue in the work of the ministry, he availed himself of the opportunity offered by arrangements for the ordination of a missionary, Mr. Edmund Frost* of the class of 1823, in Andover Seminary, to receive ordination as an *Evangelist*. An ecclesiastical council for this purpose was called by the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, consisting of churches in Boston, Charlestown, Lynn, Marblehead, Salem and Danvers—nine churches in all—which met at the Tabernacle church in Salem, Sept. 25, 1823, with Rev. Daniel Dana as moderator; and, in the language of the minutes of the council, "having duly examined Mr. Aaron Warner, a licentiate preacher, requesting to be ordained also as an Evangelist, respecting his qualifications for the important work, the council unanimously voted their approbation and proceeded solemnly to consecrate and ordain him by prayer and the imposition of hands."

*Mr. Frost was a graduate of Middlebury College in 1820, and was a missionary in Bombay, India, until his death Oct. 18, 1825, at the age of 34.

V.

PASTORATE AT MEDFORD.

1824—1832.

As a consequence of the "Unitarian controversy," about that time at its height throughout eastern Massachusetts, on the decision of the parish in Medford to call to its pastorate a Unitarian minister and his acceptance of their invitation, a minority of the members held a public meeting on the 23d of June, 1823, formed "the Second Congregational Society of Medford," and on the 2d of October organized, in connection with it, a church of twenty-six members, seventeen of them being seceders from the old church and nine from other churches.

Very soon after his ordination Mr. Warner was unexpectedly invited to preach to this new church, then worshiping in a hall. He complied with their request and continued his preaching services from that time until Sept. 1, 1824, on which day their new house of worship was dedicated and he was installed their pastor.

The delightful location of Medford on the Mystic river—large enough for some commerce and for ship building, for which it became quite famous—the attractiveness of the village with its pleasantly shaded streets and fine mansions, the enterprise and thrift of the people of that ancient town, (the home of that patriotic Revolutionary soldier and statesman Governor John Brooks,) the strong personal attachments which speedily sprang up between Mr. Warner and the members of his parish, combined to make his situation a very pleasant and agreeable one to him. The pioneer in the building of large vessels there was Thatcher Magoun, Esq., one of his prominent parishioners, in whose family he lived from the time of his settlement until he had a home of his own.

His proximity to Boston also, from which Medford is only four miles away, gave him the opportunity of an intimate acquaintance and frequent social intercourse with some of the ministers and christian laymen of that city and vicinity, with a few of whom such as Rev. Drs. B. B. Wisner, John Codman of Dorchester, Ebenezer Burgess of Dedham, Nehemiah Adams, then of Cambridge, and George W. Blagden—the only one of the group now living,—his friendship continued through life. The counsels of these brethren he found greatly helpful to his inexperience in his ministerial work.

An examination of the sermons he preached in the regular course of his pastorate shows, first of all, that they are upon a great variety of subjects. All the important truths of Christianity, in their various applications to human life, are treated of in these discourses. They are logical in their structure, the course of thought developed in each is clear and well-illustrated, they are scriptural, instructive and forcible and contain earnest appeals to the consciences and hearts of the hearers. The impression upon the reader is that they were aimed sincerely and solely to promote the spiritual welfare of his people, and that they were well adapted to secure that end. In a sermon written before his ordination and delivered in quite a number of churches, one of the two "reflections" upon the theme of the discourse, is that "ministers are bound to tell those truths in their preaching, which are applicable to the state of their hearers." And this sentiment was the key-note of all his public ministrations to his church and congregation. A further illustration of the character of his preaching is found in a connected series of evening lectures which he delivered weekly, covering the whole range of systematic theology, natural and revealed—the successive topics stated in the form of questions and numbered in order—which have been preserved and which testify alike to the independence, thoroughness and extent of his own investigations of these subjects and his faithful and constant effort to communicate, to those committed to his charge, a clear and exact knowledge of Biblical truths, in such shape as to commend them to every man's conscience and reason.

Nor, in the midst of his endeavors for the religious welfare of older people were the young in his congregation by any means neglected. An interesting indication of his especial regard for them is found in the *Memoir of Florence Kidder*, (the daughter of one of his church members, who had died at the age of eleven), which was written by him and published just at the close of his pastorate.

In the introduction to this little book he remarks:

"How perfectly adapted is the religion of the gospel to all minds! The cross of Christ is eminently a system, which *suffers little children to come unto Him and forbids them not.* Human wisdom seems unable to invent any error which shall meet the wants and the intellect of the highest and yet be easy to the weakness of the child. But so plain are the doctrines of the cross, that even such can understand them and draw from them the purest and richest consolations. It was so with this child. She leaned on these doctrines with a confidence as entire and a soul as transported as Paul when "in a strait betwixt two, and desiring to depart, he wot not what to choose."

And, alluding to the subject of this memoir and her companions, who had given evidence of a like christian spirit, he adds:

"While I am sitting in my study, I seem again to renew these happy scenes of my pastoral life and gather these lambs of the flock of Christ into my arms. I see them kneel down together and lay their faces on the sofa still standing on the spot, where I committed them to God."

"That pastor knows but a part of the pleasure of his work, who has never had the happiness of guiding the little children of his charge to Christ."

As a natural result of this diligent and zealous sowing of the seed of the Word, his congregation shared largely in the extensive revivals of religion, which occurred quite generally throughout New England in that period and particularly about the year 1831. Alluding to those times of religious awakening and increase of the church, Mr. Warner, in a letter to a friend thirty years afterwards, wrote: "The days spent at Medford were deeply stamped in the depths of my being. The scenes of religious interest there were such as I have seen nowhere else. I shall meet many, I hope, in brighter scenes, when a few more years are gone by."

In the Temperance reformation of 1826—30 in which his cousin Dr. Justin Edwards, the Secretary of the American Society, was so conspicuous a laborer, he also bore an influential part in the community with which he was identified, both by his example and preaching and in the local organizations for promoting the reform. A lecture on Temperance to the citizens of Medford in 1827 is preserved, which illustrates the thoroughness of his examination of the facts relating to the subject, as then recently brought out, and the clearness and strength of his own convictions with regard to it. Soon after the year 1830, all the distilleries in Medford but one—and they were flourishing establishments on a large scale—had been permanently closed and three of the buildings demolished.

Respecting Mr. Warner's ministry in Medford, Mrs Paul Curtis, (now in her eightieth year), a member of his congregation, there and

after the revival of religion to which she refers, a member of his church, gives the following recollections:

"Up to the close of Dr. Osgood's ministry the entire community were united in one Parish. But a division had occurred, which had separated the evangelical Calvinistic portion of the Church from the old Unitarian portion; and the new body were in need of a minister.

Dea. Galen James as its representative went to Andover to consult the Professors in the Seminary there, respecting some one to fill the place, who should worthily uphold the new and distinctive faith. At once Mr. Warner was mentioned as one experienced in missionary work, who would prove to be the right man in the right place, having already done valiant service. In his absence from town just then, Dea. James was left to form his own judgment of the veteran laborer and what was his surprise and delight when the expected preacher first presented himself.

I need not describe his manly vigor, his scholarly culture and gentlemanly bearing, nor the readiness of the entire people to invite him to become their pastor. To us his sermons seemed finished in style, yet clear and simple expositions of the truth, abounding in apt illustrations selected with close reference to living growth in divine things.

There was one revival season in particular, in which there was an ingathering of more than a hundred. It was characterized by great solemnity and depth of feeling. In connection with it there was established a prayer-meeting, the fruit of his personal conversation with the young men then recently converted, who were induced to assume the charge of neighborhood meetings and who successfully sustained them whether he was present or absent; also a Saturday afternoon Bible-class, largely attended although mostly by the ladies of his church, who were greatly strengthened and stimulated by his class expositions, questions and suggestions.

His calls upon his people were truly pastoral visits; but best of all did he enjoy communion with those whose spiritual growth led to a mutual strengthening. Whole mornings he would spend in the sick chamber of a young mother whom consumption was surely leading into the valley of death, but whose insight into spiritual things was calm and clear. Very often he was found in the shoemaker's shop of good Dea. Jaquith, one of the most spiritual and intelligent among his church members; and never, the Deacon used to say, was it too much cumbered with leather, tools and litter for Mr. Warner to find a place in which to kneel, that they might have a season of prayer together before he left."

One of the prominent members of his Church, the late Dea. Galen James, the founder of *The Congregationalist*, also wrote (Aug. 18, 1879), respecting Mr. Warner's pastorate, as follows:

"Rev. Mr. Warner came to us in a time of trial. The majority of the old church had adopted the Unitarian views, and the few remaining faithful to the Trinitarian belief were constrained to withdraw themselves from the old communion, enduring much opposition and even hostility in so doing.

It was an infant church, seventeen in number, only four of whom were men. In one year's time a respectable congregation was gathered and a house of worship built, and in two years' time the number of church members was tripled.

The tie between pastor and people was very strong. He preached earnestly and so lived after the precepts of the Gospel, day by day, that he won all hearts, and especially the confidence of his people; so that he and they worked together in building up Christ's kingdom. And although the truth was opposed in many cases, yet it was wonderful with what power God by his Spirit moved upon the hearts of unbelievers, who finally humbly sought the pastor's study to inquire what they should do to be saved.

His examination of converts was very thorough and the evidence of a regenerate heart was required (that is, as far as man could judge), before admission to the communion was given. The monthly church meetings, above all others that I ever attended, were most profitable. Nothing less than God's requirements were held up before us, to fulfil.

He came to us as a messenger from God, filled with his Spirit imparting a savor of Divine things. In all his advisory measures in church affairs he was wonderfully wise and discreet.

His daily life and example were such as to win the love and respect not only of his people, but also of the citizens of the town. He was remarkable for consistency of character as a minister of the Gospel. All forms of religion were treated by him with great reverence. His influence upon the people of the town, though silent, was felt, so that the voice of profanity was hushed when he approached.

His own great reverence for the Deity and for the sacredness of his office gave him a dignity of character, which prevented all light or frivolous conduct in his presence.

When circumstances made it necessary for him to resign his charge, we deeply lamented the necessity of sundering so tender and strong a tie, for he was the spiritual father of many of us."

While in this pastorate Mr. Warner was married June 4, 1828 to Mrs. Mary (Atwood), the widow of Aaron Hardy, Esq., of Boston, who had died Nov. 15, 1816.

In the autumn of 1831, the delicate state of Mrs. Warner's health requiring a milder climate for the winter, and his own health being seriously impaired by chronic dyspepsia, he obtained a leave of absence from his pulpit for six months. Early in November they left home for Philadelphia and there embarked, on the 9th, on the ship Columbia for the Danish island of Santa Cruz—the largest and southernmost of the "Virgin group" of the West Indies. On the 27th of that month they entered the excellent harbor of Christianstadt, the capital and residence of the Governor-General of the Danish islands, on the Northwest coast; and soon after, located for the season at the town of Frederickstoed on the West coast.

Respecting the island and their surroundings Mrs. Warner wrote as follows, in her journal:

FREDERICKSTOED, SAINT CROIX, Dec. 16, 1831.

"The temperature of the Island, which is to me delightful and just what I needed, has been oppressively warm to many of our company. We have uniformly a fine breeze freely circulating through our airy hall, where none need complain of heat even at midday. Since we came here, from sunrise to three o'clock P. M., the mercury has ranged from 76 to 86. Our thinnest garments are needed, and our *usual* summer clothing is quite uncomfortable. The past season has been a very dry one, but of late we have had frequent showers. They come over so suddenly, that it is hardly safe to walk or ride on horseback without an umbrella. It often rains two or three minutes, like a thunder shower in our country, and then the sun shines as bright as ever. These showers are so partial, that by observing the course of the cloud, the rain may be avoided by keeping a little to the right or left. An hour's rain is quite a storm in this country, and a *three hours'* rain, a year or two ago, is recorded as a wonderful occurrence. We have heard no thunder, and there has been but little wind.

The roads are very fine, almost literally "smooth as a floor," of a white chalky limestone easily wrought, often lower than the fields,—with banks resembling walls of mortar, hedges of prickly pear, or a beautiful flowering thorn on the top, and on the walls of the cane fields. Rows of cocoanut or tamarind trees are planted around the divisions of the plantations, and on the sides of the roads, which are now covered with fruit. The sugar-cane resembles at a little distance our Indian corn, except in the color, which is a yellowish-green. When ripe, or in "arrow," as it is called, it is surmounted by a beautiful plume.

The usual mode of conveyance here for everything is on the head—jars of water, pitchers of milk, bowls of eggs, &c., all balanced without aid from the hands.

Oranges are beginning to be fine, cocoanuts abundant, eaten here only when young, the pulp soft and like a jelly. Shaddocks, a species of orange five or six times as large, with bitter rind, we are beginning to like much. The Grapefruit and Forbidden fruit are of the same family; bananas and plantains are abundant, and many fruits of which I never before heard even the name."

Many invalids from the United States were also spending the season on the island, and at their request permission was granted by the Governor for Mr. Warner to preach on the Sabbath, "as often as he pleased." Of this permission he availed himself many times through the winter.

In another part of her journal Mrs. Warner gives a description of *Christmas Holidays* on the island:

"At Christmas and New Year's day, the planters give their slaves two and sometimes three days, with liberty to enjoy themselves as much as possible. They are all permitted to go to their master's house, and with shaking of hands, express the usual good wishes to all the family. By some agreement among

the planters, their gangs come into town on different days, so that the Christmas holidays last for twelve days.

By invitation we all went this morning (Dec. 26, 1831,) to Dr. Stedman's, to see a gang from one of his estates. They were received in a large hall,—upward of fifty, male and female, and of different ages. They formed a semi-circle, and three tambourines and ten times as many voices began a song, monotonous, but truly deafening and bewildering. Two negroes stepped forward and began to dance, with more agility and less awkwardness than would have been expected from such a company, and from feet enlarged to monstrous size. Swinging their handkerchiefs, and turning around under them, they bore a coarse resemblance to the pictures we have seen of Asiatic dances. As they became more engaged, their noise increased and their black faces, great open mouths, and white teeth seemed so unlike anything human, that one of our company was obliged to leave us from nervous agitation, and said she "could think of nothing but beings from the infernal regions.

This afternoon Mrs. B. invited a company of black and colored, belonging to the town, to come and dance in her yard, to give some invalids at home an opportunity of witnessing the novel sight. There were forty,—in general quite decently clad, and some of them quite tastefully. They had a king and general, with some insignia; a queen, and her two aids, with white muslin dresses and pink spencers, who brought standards of pink and white silk, etc. They danced quite regularly and merrily to the sound of a drum, made by drawing a skin over the head of a firkin, and played upon by the hands, and a triangle of iron struck with an iron wire, and voices less harsh and discordant than those which stunned us in the morning."

Some other portions of her journal are as follows:

"January 9, 1832, we removed to a plantation, called Mt. Victory, very pleasantly situated among the high hills which form a beautiful amphitheatre around us, about three miles from Frederickstoed. The situation is much more cool and airy, and we have an opportunity of seeing something of country life.

This island is about twenty miles long and from seven to ten broad. There is one town at *West End*, where we have been living,—another, about fifteen miles east, called *Bas End*, which is larger and the seat of Government. The rest of the island is laid out in plantations, of 150 acres, which are cultivated in a greater or less degree even to the summits of their high hills, 1000 or 1200 feet. These plantations are distinguished, not by the owners' names, but by some fanciful designation, as: Hannah's Rest, Concordia, Wheel of Fortune, etc. A gentleman told us that cane fields have been known to be cultivated *forty* years, without being enriched or left fallow.

The view from these heights resembles a fertile and beautiful garden, with a richness of verdure which I cannot describe. Most of the trees are evergreen, and the leaves possess a thickness and lustre to which we are unaccustomed. Some of the mountains are 1500 feet high, and those who can ascend them on ponies are richly repaid by the prospect.

* * * * * * * * * *

You will find us surrounded by high hills and yellow-green cane fields, in a two-story house, with glazed windows, with a large open gallery on an arcade in

front. Houses have no chimneys, no carpets. A few rods from the house is a building—40 or 50 feet long—where the mistress has her pantry and store-room, kitchen, ironing-room, &c., and where all the house servants, 15 or 20, have their habitation. At a little distance in front of us is a running brook, where, (after being *bucked*) the clothes are all washed and pounded and rinsed after St. Croix fashion. Around every stream or creek, fresh or salt, (no matter which), in the town, you will see sometimes twenty or thirty men and women, boys and girls, pounding on the stones, or washing, standing in the water two or three feet deep, or spreading their clothes on the grass or sand to bleach and dry.

On the top of a high hill opposite us is the wind-mill where the cane is ground. These mills, with the sugar-houses are either white or yellow-washed, built of stone or brick and mortar and are scattered like land-marks, at nearly equal distances, and, as now in crop season, with their sails flying, all over the island. The cane juice is conveyed through a trough to the boiling house, at some distance below. It is then conducted into a reservoir, thence into a large boiler, where it is boiled and skimmed and dipped out with great ladles, like Lord Dexter's, into the next boiler. The same process is here repeated and so on to the fourth, a copper boiler where the liquor assumes a clear yellow color, and some lime is thrown in to granulate and clarify it. The whole process occupies about three-quarters of an hour. It is then conveyed by a trough into two large wooden pans to cool, and stirred occasionally, to separate it into grains. From the coolers it is cut up and packed in hogsheads, in the drying-room, with holes in the bottom, which hogsheads are placed over an inclined plane on which the molasses drops and is carried by a spout into an enormous vat beneath. The skimmings of the boiling liquor and the rinsings, &c., after a process of fermentation, are, with this molasses distilled into rum, in another building connected with every sugar establishment.

At a short distance are what would first attract your attention, the negro-houses, to the number sometimes of fifty or sixty, quite near together, and resembling at this distance brown hay-stacks. They are made of stone or bamboo wicker work, with roofs thatched with cane or cocoa-nut leaves. There are upwards of two hundred negroes belonging to this estate. These poor slaves! the history of whose woes has so often moved our compassion. And this is a subject on which I know not what to say. As far as our observation extends we should think that these are more kindly treated, and that they live more comfortably than in our Southern states. To outward appearances they are more happy, freer from care and sorrow than any class in the community. But here I must leave this subject until I know more of them. The men and women all labor together, and the latter are said to be stronger and healthier and worth more in the field. One may see a "gang" of 30 or 40 women, hoeing together in a field, preparing it for the cane, with a "driver" standing over them with his whip; or levelling and mending the road, with hoes three times the weight of ours. The babies are left together in some green, shady place, to be "minded" by some old nurse, while their mothers are working in the field. These half, or quite naked little things are brought, when it rains, under our gallery, and are dancing and singing merrily.

Every slave has a certain portion of land assigned him, (and so much for every child,) to cultivate as he pleases. They have a weekly allowance of six

quarts of corn meal, and from 4 to 6 herring or more, with half this quantity for every child, even a day old. They may raise as many pigs, poultry, etc., as they choose. Most of these articles, as well as the vegetables, fruit, &c., brought into the market, belong to the slaves, and are often bought by their own masters. They have two new suits of clothing every year. A hospital is connected with every estate, where on the slightest indisposition they are received and furnished with many comforts, a skilful physician, well-qualified nurses, soup twice a week, arrowroot, sago, etc. Self-interest, you will perceive, would prompt a master to this course, had he no benevolence, so that they evidently must be more comfortable in sickness, than a large portion of the poor in our cities.

This is the *bright* side of slavery. But, *no one cares for their souls.* 'Tis their deplorable ignorance of God and themselves, of all that is moral, and fitting the soul for Heaven, which makes slavery "the evil and bitter thing" that it is. On this subject, even those who on other points speak like christians, have no sensibility. Even the best of the planters we have seen, seem to feel no obligation to give moral or religious instruction to their slaves, and they look upon us with surprise or indifference if we express our feelings and wishes on the subject.

Feb. 10, 1832.—It would be pleasant to visit some other Island, as we must be somewhere away from home, but there are many inconveniences involved and also many expenses. To go to St. Thomas, a passport must be obtained at three dollars a head, and the same to return, if it be twice a week. To leave the Island "for good," ten dollars a head. As the same is required of their own citizens foreigners cannot complain.

Besides the Episcopal church there is a Danish church, with preaching once a month in Danish, a Roman Catholic church which looks very ruinous and whose walls are the sporting place of numerous lizards, where there is preaching once a month, and a Moravian church attended only by negroes, with preaching in Dutch.

March 23, 1832. Mr. Warner is not cured of his dyspepsia, but I sometimes think he will have less of it, from his residence here."

In addition to her journal, the following lines upon the island of Santa Cruz were found among Mrs. Warner's papers.

"When weary and tossed by the wild waves' commotion,
The wanderer from home and from friends he loves best,
Deseries mid the blue mist this isle of the ocean,
To his heart, oh! how welcome this haven of rest!

How lovely its mountains and valleys of green,
Where the palm and the cocoa-nut wave their dark plume!
O'er these fields of rich verdure no winter is seen,
Its fruits are perennial, its flowers ever bloom.

Mild and gentle the breezes o'er this favored isle,
And bright as Italia's its evening sky,
But sad is the heart of the stranger the while.
Oh! why for his dear native land does he sigh?

He sighs for the sound of the 'church-going bell,'
For those Sabbaths so holy, sweet foretaste of Heaven,
For that heart-felt communion with friends he loved well,
When their mingled devotion ascended at even.

He sighs for the land where no slavery reigns,
Where to poor and unlearned instruction is given,
Where to all, its 'glad tidings' the gospel proclaims,
And guides the poor wanderer to duty and Heaven.

Oh! come the blest hour when o'er this lovely isle
The heralds of peace shall their banner display,
When tranquil and holy the Sabbath shall smile,
And slavery and darkness flee forever away!"

St. Croix, May 6, 1832.

On the 5th of May, 1832, they sailed on their return voyage, in the ship Aurora, to New York and reached Medford about the first of June. Mrs. Warner, however, remained in such a precarious condition of health during the summer, that her husband deemed it his duty to tender the resignation of his ministerial office, which he accordingly did on the 25th of August.

On the acceptance of his resignation by the Society Sept. 12, (as it had been by the Church Sept. 5), the following resolutions were adopted and by vote placed on the records:

"*Resolved*—That this Society possesses full and entire confidence in the wisdom and faithfulness of their pastor the Rev. Aaron Warner.

Resolved—That it is with the deepest regret and sorrow, that through the Divine Providence it should seem necessary, on account of the health of his family, that he should request that the relation, which has so long and so happily subsisted between him and this Society, should at this time be dissolved.

And in granting this request, we do it solely in compliance with his wishes, hoping for his best welfare, and assuring him that wherever in the Providence of God he may be placed, he will still possess the best wishes of this Society."

The Council of dismission, which consisted of churches in Boston, Cambridge and Charlestown, met October 10th, and gave their approval to his withdrawal for the reasons presented, and the usual endorsement of the christian and ministerial character of the retiring pastor.

Mr. Warner's farewell sermon to his people furnishes additional testimony to what has been already stated respecting the character of his preaching during this pastorate. The text is: *For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done,*

whether it be good or bad. II Cor., v: 10. The discourse is a plain, direct, impressive setting forth to the reason, of a truth well suited to the occasion. And it is in precise accord with his ideas of good taste and his sense of what was most becoming, under all such and similar circumstances, that he makes but a single brief allusion to himself from the beginning to the end of it. The transcendent importance of the truth to be exhibited to his hearers and if possible lodged in their minds, on the last opportunity he had of addressing them as a minister of religion, is so fully appreciated that even in the parting from his people he keeps himself out of sight.

The subject or proposition, which he develops from the text and seeks to establish by reasoning and to set in a clear light by illustration, is: "The standard by which moral character is at last to be tried, will be the law under which men have lived—known or capable of being known—and which they were able to keep." From this several "inferences" are drawn:

1. "A man may know now whether it will be a source of joy or sorrow to him to render in his account.

2. The unwisdom of acting without looking well to the motives of our conduct.

3. From this judgment no one will be exempted, however obscure or unobserved of men here.

4. This day of final reckoning is near to each of us. All our character will soon be formed, all our work soon done. The judgment will meet us as life leaves us. We come to that great day as we die; and death is at the door. Ye who hear and I who preach shall soon be through our work, and soon shall we all appear before the judgment seat of Christ. What that day will be to you and me God knows, and we shall all soon know.

Could I hope to meet all who have assembled in this sanctuary at the right hand of Christ, I would close my ministry this day with joy."

Respecting the pastorate thus ended, the testimony on record in *Brooks' History of Medford*, is that "this ministry of eight years had been eminently successful. There were many accessions to the congregation, and above a hundred additions to the church in which his memory is most affectionately cherished."

For more than a year and a half Mrs. Warner continued to struggle with disease. In the hope of benefit to her health the two following winters were also spent at the South. On the eleventh of October, the day after his connection with his church had been formally dissolved, they embarked at Boston on the ship Liverpool for Charleston, S. C., arriving on the 18th. Of the six weeks' stay there Mrs. Warner wrote: "At Charleston Mr. Warner preached

almost every Sabbath, and there was ample field for gratuitous ministerial labor. Indeed there were so many inducements that I felt for a time that we must stay in Charleston." They sailed, however, on the schooner *Agnes*, December 6, for St. Augustine, Fla., and arrived there on the 9th. During the season Mr. Warner preached every alternate Sabbath and sometimes oftener.

March 12, 1833, they sailed for Charleston on their return and started from that city May 1, by carriage for the North, reaching Philadelphia on the 22nd of that month, and Medford about the first of June. The summer and early autumn were passed at Medford with occasional visits among family friends in other places; and the third and last journey Southward—of between seven hundred and eight hundred miles—was then taken, that season also overland, and they arrived at St. Augustine December 5. Again Mr. Warner engaged, as far as his health would permit, in ministerial labor, through the winter.

Jan. 30, 1834, Mrs. Warner wrote in her journal:

"At the urgent request of the pastor, Mr. Warner has preached half of every Sabbath since our arrival."

In a letter dated March 11, she wrote:

"My health has been gradually improving. I have gained some flesh and am in most respects as well as last year at this time. I am not quite so strong and am more of a dyspeptic; but every one who sees me seems astonished at the change since I came here. After much and long deliberation we have concluded to spend the summer, if life be spared, in St. Augustine. This has been the uniform advice of physicians and those most acquainted with this climate and its effects. My dear husband seems so confident that it may be best for me, that he is willing to make the sacrifice, and a great sacrifice it is, I can assure you. I have sometimes felt that I could not consent to it on his account, but all my objections have been overruled. None seem willing to venture me far on the ocean at present, and the journey overland is a great undertaking. just to look upon my dear friends, a little while, and then return, if God should spare our lives. So, my dear mother, we have at last come to the conclusion to remain here, with the hope, that at some more distant day, God will again permit us to meet our dear friends and rejoice with them in his goodness."

This hope, however, was not destined to be realized. In the early summer Mrs. Warner's strength rapidly failed and she died of consumption June 12.*

Very soon after her death Mr. Warner returned to Massachusetts and for about a year and a half made his residence at Andover.

*See Appendix, B.

VI.

THE GILMANTON PROFESSORSHIP.

1836—1843.

The town of Gilmanton, N. H., sixteen miles Northeast of Concord, among the hills—a chain of eminences called the Suncook range running diagonally through it—with fine mountain scenery all around, affording a view of Monadnock, Kearsarge, Ascutney, Mt. Washington and others, as well as of many lakes and streams, was in its earliest years the home of a large number of families, some of whose sons have been among the most eminent men of New England.

As early as the year 1792 the people of the town chose a committee of twenty citizens to consider the question of founding an Academy for higher education than that of the common school; and on the report of this committee they planted, endowed and in two years' time had in operation an Institution, which, as a recent writer in the *New York Observer* has expressed it, "has flourished from that day to this, under a long series of successful and eminent teachers, fitting for college and business, generations of young men who have made their mark in the Church, the State and the world."

It was a striking testimony to their appreciation of the necessity of well-educated religious teachers for the welfare of the community, and to their desire to do all in their power to provide such, that a part of the original design of the founders of this Academy, as expressed in its constitution adopted October 3, 1794, was "to furnish instruction in theology to such of the students as were preparing for the Gospel ministry."

In that constitution it was declared that

"Whereas many of the students may in process of time be devoted to the sacred work of the Gospel ministry, it shall be the duty of the instructors to teach them the principles of natural religion and the obligations to duty resulting from them, and the doctrines of revealed religion as they are contained in the Sacred Scriptures of divine authority, being given by inspiration of God."

And to this general statement was added a summary of these doctrines.

"After the great revivals of religion in the years 1832 and 1833," writes the late Rev. Heman Rood, "there was an unusual call for preachers, especially for Home Missionary parishes and the sparse settlements of Northern New England, and the existing Seminaries were unable to supply the demand." In the State of New Hampshire alone there were more than a hundred towns without any Congregational minister, and over fifty Congregational churches without a pastor.

At the same time, as another consequence of these revivals, there was quite a large class of young men partly educated, who, because of their age or poverty wished to study for the ministry without a previous college course—many of them particularly well adapted in talents, energy and physical strength for the Home missionary work waiting to be done. As a class they were just such as those for whom Andover and Chicago Seminaries have of late years made separate provision, by the endowments of professorships, and special courses of instruction.

The Trustees of this Academy in the heart of the state were not slow to respond to this demand by the endeavor to make available for use unproductive property belonging to it, and to solicit additional funds in order to carry out the original design of the Institution. Plans were made and measures first taken in 1833, but the theological department was not actually established until their annual meeting, August 15, 1835, when Rev. Heman Rood, D. D., was appointed professor of theology. He was inaugurated Sept. 9, and the course of instruction begun in October, with seven students.

"Very soon," writes the historian of the town of Gilmanton, "by the advice of men in whose judgment the Board had confidence, both in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, the plan of the department was enlarged so as to include a more complete course of training for the ministry."

The design of the Seminary, as expressed in the constitution then adopted, was:

"To aid in providing an adequate supply of able, humble, zealous and laborious ministers of the gospel, for the churches of this state and country, especially the feeble and the destitute, and also missionaries for heathen lands—men, who shall truly believe and cordially love and endeavor to propagate and defend, in its genuineness, simplicity, and fulness, that system of religious belief and practice, which is called *Orthodox*." And to this end "the President and every professor in this Seminary shall be a Master of Arts, an ordained minister of the gospel, of the Congregational or Presbyterian order, and sustain the character of a sober, honest, learned and pious man. He shall, moreover, be a man of sound and orthodox doctrines, drawn from the Scriptures, as expressed in the Cambridge and Saybrook platforms and in the Westminster Assembly's Catechism, and more concisely delineated in the constitution of this Seminary."

To the department of Sacred Rhetoric in this Institution, Mr. Warner was invited Feb. 18, 1836. He was in full sympathy with the object for which the Seminary was established, and after due consideration of the matter he accepted the invitation, commenced his duties on the first of June and was publicly inaugurated at the first anniversary, Aug. 25, 1836.

During the seven years and a half of his connection with it he untiringly devoted all his energies to the interests of the Seminary and especially to the work of his own department—the training of the students in the art of pulpit discourse—and, according to the testimony of competent observers, and particularly of his pupils, with a large measure of success.

Says his colleague Dr. Rood:

"Professor Warner was very useful and popular as a teacher in the Seminary. The classes were well and thoroughly trained in his department. They learned to write correctly, and to speak and preach impressively. He once afterwards said to me that he regarded the years spent in those duties, as the happiest and most useful years of his life."

Rev. S. S. N. Greeley, of the class of 1838, and now pastor at Gilmanton, writes:

"The days I spent in the Theological Seminary here were very pleasant and very profitable. I remember Professor Warner, as the teacher, who never failed before his classes in making dark points in theology luminous and crooked places plain."

Another graduate, of the class of 1844, adds:

"The memory of his uniform kindness and tenderness, will always remain with me as one of the pleasantest experiences of life. I was a trembling,

bashful youth, and he took me to his care, encouraged and aided me in every way, as he found opportunity. If I leave behind me as sweet a memory as his is to me, I shall feel that life has not been wholly lost, however unprofitable it may seem in the retrospect."

The language of still a third, Rev. C. W. Wallace, D. D., now of Manchester, N. H., is:

"In the spring of 1836 I entered the Seminary at Gilmanton, and was under the instruction of Prof. Aaron Warner three years. As the whole number of students was not large, my relations with him were familiar and intimate. He was then in the full vigor of manhood, and was characterized by a true, manly dignity, but of that kind which could bend without being compromised. He was, indeed, one of nature's noblemen, high-minded, honorable and sincere; though not as demonstrative as many. His emotions were subdued and calm; but Christ was all and in all and his trust in Him was without wavering. As a preacher, he was sound in doctrine and clear in statement. He was not what would be called, in modern phrase, 'a reformer.' There was more of Melancthon than of Luther in his disposition, yet he aimed to apply the principles of the Bible to all the relations of life. In the composition of his sermons he used many illustrations and mostly those drawn from the affairs of daily life. This, with a good elocution and earnest manner did not fail to secure the attention of his hearers. I well remember the students were always deeply interested in listening to Professor Warner.

Especially, however, were we interested in him as a teacher. Personally, I feel largely indebted to him for all I have been enabled to accomplish in the ministry. Most of the students, then, were pursuing the 'shorter course.' The teachers had all enjoyed the advantages of a full period of study and were firm believers in its importance. Still they thought that a class of young men who for various reasons could not devote ten years to a preparation for the pulpit, might be made useful by a shorter term. Concurring in this sentiment Professor Warner addressed himself to the work of helping his pupils make the most of the advantages which they were permitted to enjoy. He came down to their level and was never weary in his efforts to assist them to rise.

In regard to the measure of his success, it does not become one of this class to speak; but this I can say: if he did not succeed, it was no fault of his. I am satisfied that he did all that could be done with the material placed in his hands.

The moral and religious influence of Prof. Warner was never divided. It was all on the right side, moving strongly in the right direction. His conduct required no explanation; it needed no apology. We claim for him no perfection, but there was no prominent defect which marred the beauty of his life and character.

Such are the prominent features in the character of this good man,—the points which stand up highest, which strike the eye with the greatest distinctness, as I look back upon them through the dimness of many years."

Rev. J. T. Hamlin, for many years pastor of the Presbyterian church, Mattituck, Long Island, N. Y., of the Class of 1841, gives the following reminiscences:

"Professor Warner holds the place in my mind and thoughts, of a *teacher*, *preacher* and *friend*, as I knew him. I can see him now as a teacher before the class of students in Gilmanton,—his hair as white as snow, his form erect, and his manner kind and gentlemanly, and dignified in bearing yet approachable. In the familiar and colloquial lectures given on some evening in the week, before the students, from some chosen subject, when each professor spoke in turn, Professor Warner was very happy in his remarks. The lectures were given without notes and in a sitting posture, each one speaking five or ten minutes in course, and then saying, 'nothing further, sir.' Mr. Warner sat with his eyes partially closed, but far from being asleep; and when his turn came there was a slight nervous movement of the right arm or shoulder, and to see his face then was to me, like watching for flashes of light in a summer evening sky. When some idea crossed his mind, original in form or combination, I would know that something was coming, and was not disappointed. The lamp that burned in him was brighter than the lamps on the stand before him.

Professor W. as a preacher made his impress on me. His sermons were impressive not only from the clearness of thought in them, but from being his own in expression; they were like himself and no other. And the text was so handled, that you thought of the text, or what he brought out of it. He made the text speak, and the further he progressed the more you saw in it. I shall never forget a sermon at the installation of one of the students (Mr. Benson), on the text: 'Take heed how ye hear.' I can see the preacher as he held the audience by the truths uttered in his own impressive style and without any flourish of gesture. His style was his own, both in sermon and written lecture. And what he had to say held you to the close without any flagging of interest. I remember one given in the Academy at Gilmanton, on 'the voice in speaking,' and the closing sentence was this: 'Mind your stops!'

Most of all, I remember Professor Warner as a true friend. Here words cannot express his value. He had something of the sympathy of our divine Lord and Master. He knew how to encourage and to cheer, and was most willing to do it, and most hearty in it. He could see faults in others and yet overlook them. As professor of rhetoric, he took a deep interest in the speaking exercises of the students. In his last note to me, from Amherst, he invited me to come and see him and wished to hear me speak 'Paul's plea before Agrippa,' as he had heard me speak it.

But those who were our teachers then, and fathers in counsel and true friendship, are gone. Blessed memories! Oh may we see them again in the world of immortal life! Standing as I now do, on the border land of the future, and thinking of those once here and now gone, I feel somewhat as Elisha did when he saw his friend and teacher go up, and cried: 'My father! my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!' "

The late Rev. Daniel Lancaster, pastor of the church in Gilmanton, during the whole life of the Seminary, has left on record the following recollections:

"Professor Warner's aspect, his figure, his genial manner and his dignified bearing gave you the impression, at first sight, of a gentleman; and when he

spoke, the tones of his voice, his smile and the brilliant radiance of his eyes added a charm to his person and insensibly won your favor. Such I found him in first meeting him in 1835, and an attachment was formed then which continued till his death.

His *social* character was highly attractive. There was a refined culture pervading all that he said and did. It seemed a part of his being. Coarseness and vulgarity were distasteful to his very nature. While averse to large parties or crowds, and not entering readily into conversation with strangers, or multiplying readily his acquaintances, with his friends he was neither reserved nor unsocial, but free and cordial. For eight years, while he was connected with the Theological Seminary at Gilmanton, I saw him almost every day, and I regarded him as one of the most social and kind-hearted men I ever met.

The same precision and accuracy observable in his manners and intercourse with others were visible in his literary preparations and public performances. He was a finished scholar. His style of writing was plain, terse and perspicuous, his delivery distinct and forcible, his vocal utterances were pure, free from huskiness and affected tones. His lectures on style and delivery were able and exhaustive discussions, and ought to have been published. His pulpit services were a suitable model for imitation by theological students. His class instructions were conducted in the same critical style. In his exercises in elocution he insisted on pure intonations on the part of his pupils, drilling them one by one, making nature the standard in the different inflections and emphatic utterances, training them until they had conquered all unnatural habits of reading or speaking, and satisfied with nothing short of mathematical precision.

His teachings in mental philosophy and metaphysics were characterized by the same accuracy and precision. Of what use, he would say, to send young men out to make an impression on the human mind, without their knowing what that mind is. Human nature is a system. We must know what that system is, in in order to operate on it instrumentally, with effect. Aside from the agency of the Holy Spirit, there must be an adaptation of means to the end. The end is the conversion of human souls. But what is this soul which is to be renewed? In this way he drilled his pupils, always insisting that they must know what they were talking about.

He insisted also that christians should know themselves. All their communications with God and with each other should be intelligent. He could not tolerate cant or ostentation. They were distasteful to him, and, as he thought, irreverent and an unsuitable offering to present to the Deity. Calm and orderly worship he enjoyed. In such assemblies his delights were with the saints, the excellent of the earth."

Besides his services as an instructor, Professor Warner was very efficient in the work of soliciting and obtaining funds needed for the uses of the Seminary. Through his exertions the sum of $2,000 was obtained in Medford and vicinity—the scene of his pastoral labors, and similarly generous donations in other places, where he made known to christian men of wealth the character and wants of the Institution. The library was very soon increased to two thousand

volumes. An elevated site for a new building, commanding a beautiful prospect, was secured in 1837, and money to defray the cost of its erection gradually obtained. The corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies July 16, 1839, for which occasion he composed the following hymn:

"Light of the world and life of men,
We here, beneath thy burning ken,
Lift up our eye and ask thine aid,
While this foundation rock is laid.

"We build to pride, nor power, nor fame:
We here inscribe no human name;
We write within, the mystic seven,
And rear it to the God of heaven.

"When here the tempest, rough and loud,
Careers upon the mountain cloud,
Thy lightnings check, thy thunders stay,
And tell them, here thy prophets pray.

"Till when the night of sin is o'er,
And light is pour'd from shore to shore,
This temple be thy guardian care,
Made holy by the breath of prayer.

"Let gentle love and heavenly grace
Distil upon this sacred place:
Like rains that cheer'd the cedar bowers,
Or dews that fell on Herman's flowers.

"In quiet thus beneath thine eye,
And curtain'd by the deep blue sky,
Here let it stand, till earth's last even
Shall usher in the dawn of Heaven."

And on the completion of this Seminary hall, he delivered the address at the dedication, Aug. 18, 1841.

From the first this Institution had the warm approval and the cordial support of the ministry and the churches. The professors in Andover Seminary—Doctors Woods, Stuart, and Justin Edwards—very early in the history of this Theological school (March 7, 1836,) gave its teachers their endorsement in these terms:

"We are fully persuaded that they possess ability, skill, learning and sound judgment to manage well the government and instruction of such a Seminary. With all our hearts we wish success to every effort to build up the waste places of Zion in our country, by increasing the number of able and faithful ministers of the Gospel."

The committee of the General Association of New Hampshire, which presented to that body, at its annual meeting in 1837, "the narrative of the state of religion," said:

"The Theological Seminary at Gilmanton is prosperous; and if sustained by the prayers and liberality of the churches, as we hope it will be, will doubtless be the means of great good to the state and the world."

And the "minute" adopted by the Association at that session, with reference to it, was:

"We are fully satisfied with respect to the sound and prosperous state of the Seminary, and do very cordially recommend it to the confidence and patronage of the Christian community."

As time tested the value of the Seminary this confidence continued and strengthened and found expression from year to year. The visiting committee of the General Association for the year 1839—among them Professors Shurtleff and Haddock of Dartmouth College and Rev. Silas Aiken of Boston—reported:

"The Institution was found much in advance of what we had expected. The committee commend this Institution, which they trust will prove a great blessing to our churches, to the favor of the great Redeemer and to the prayers and patronage of the wise and good."

The visitors for the year 1840 wrote:

"In the public exercises we observed little or nothing to criticise, but much to approve. We have seldom witnessed so natural and effective a style of elocution, and never a deeper toned and more active piety. All the exercises convinced us that the Institution is in practice what it is in theory, well adapted not to depress but to elevate the standard of Theological education and to supply the waste places of New Hampshire with a well-educated and faithful ministry. We have no doubt that the attempt will prove successful."

Within three years from the first anniversary of the Seminary, twenty-two of its graduates were settled in the pastorates of churches, most of them in New Hampshire, and during the seven years of Mr. Warner's professorship, the number of graduates, yearly, averaged ten.

To meet its current expenses, however, the Institution was obliged to rely chiefly, upon yearly donations. The embarrassed state of mercantile affairs throughout the country, in the years 1841 and 1842, prevented the continuance of these gifts and caused such a pressure in the financial condition of the Seminary, that by the next year the support of the professors almost entirely failed, and there seemed to be no alternative but withdrawal. Accordingly Mr. Warner (as did also Mr. Rood) resigned his professorship, Nov. 22, 1843.

During his residence in Gilmanton, Professor Warner was married Jan. 12, 1838, to Anne Greeley, daughter of Thomas Burns, Esq., of that town. The same year he was elected a corporate member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and continued in that membership until his death.

VII.

PROFESSORSHIP IN AMHERST COLLEGE.

1844—1853.

Sometime during the next month after the close of his connection with Gilmanton Seminary—December, 1843—application was made to Professor Warner to discharge the duties for the rest of the collegiate year, of the professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory (then recently vacated) in Amherst College. Accepting the invitation, he came to Amherst in January, 1844, and was engaged in that work until the Commencement in August.

It was in this year, also, that he was invited to a professorship in Marietta College, Ohio, and to the pastorate of the Congregational Church in Plymouth, Mass. While holding these proposals under consideration, a letter of President Humphrey of Sept. 25, informed him that a committee of the Trustees, who had been "clothed with plenary powers to fill the place" (the professorship of Rhetoric) "without any unnecessary delay, were cordial and unanimous in soliciting you to accept that office." In that letter, Dr. Humphrey added:

"You have been here long enough to understand the general state and prospects of the Institution. Though it is depressed and will doubtless have to struggle yet longer for want of adequate funds, I have a strong persuasion that it will, ere long, be relieved and established on a broad and stable foundation. The unrivalled location, the pious design, the prayers and faith of its founders, its large charity fund, its strong hold on the affections of the orthodox churches of Massachusetts, and the remarkable smiles of Heaven upon it hitherto, satisfy me that it is destined to become a great institution and to exert an eminently beneficent influence upon the destinies of the Commonwealth.

You know I am 'a minute man' and do not expect to remain here long. If I did I should rejoice to be associated with you, and I earnestly hope you will come."

In reply to a letter from him asking advice respecting this proposal, his friend, Professor Stuart, of Andover, wrote as follows:

"If you can perform that execrable labor of correcting the composition of tiros, it is well. But, make your bargain fast before you stir an inch. First, not any of the two under classes; then, not more than one a day, or six per week at the highest point, for the rest. These you may despatch in an afternoon and evening. For the rest, lecturing—not on Rhetoric merely, but on English, or other classics, etc. Then you will have a large field of taste and pleasure to move in.

Can you stand the *drilling* in elocution? Better, no doubt, than you can the written compositions. But, for either, patience and good nature will be in large demand."

Professor Warner's reply to President Humphrey was as follows, dated at Gilmanton, Oct. 28, 1844:

"Amid great perplexity and anxiety I have revolved the matter presented me by your committee to know if possible what is my duty in the case. From many sincere friendships and urgent solicitations to resume my professorship in the Seminary here, I break away if I am to come to your aid. Yet, on a careful examination I am led to the conclusion that it is my duty so to do. And it is mainly from this view that I accept the invitation of the committee.

The difficulties inherent in or incident to the professorship often disquiet me and lead me to doubt whether I shall be able to realize my own wishes or the expectations of those with whom I may be connected in the labors of the College.

According to the arrangement last year, I had the Sophomore class once a week in composition. I should wish to be relieved from that exercise. I trust I am not unwilling to work, nor do I wish to throw additional labor on my brethren in a common toil. But I am a novice in these matters, and shall have many things to do before I feel myself familiar with my work. My reasons for wishing this slight change are in part the weakness of my eyes, and in part that I think my time may be more usefully employed for the College in other ways."

With reference to this letter, Dr. Humphrey wrote Nov. 4, 1844:

"Professors Hitchcock and Fiske request me herewith to present their affectionate regard, and to assure you, that the prospect of soon being associated with you, gives them great pleasure.

I hope and trust that you will find no occasion to regret, in the long run, that your decision was favorable to our application and wishes. The foundations of the Institution were laid in prayer. God for many years prospered it wonderfully, and though it is now in some respects under a cloud, I doubt not that the sun will again break out, and that the days of its future prosperity will be many."

Nov. 14th, President Humphrey communicated to him the action of the Trustees at their meeting on the previous day, and added:

"I am happy, my dear sir, to add, that not only were the above votes unanimous, but the gentlemen all expressed their high gratification that you had consented to take the vacant chair."

Upon the duties of his professorship, Mr. Warner entered in January, 1845, only a few months before the retirement of Dr. Humphrey from the presidency. At that time the College had reached the lowest point of its depression. Under the administration of President Hitchcock, a brighter day soon dawned; funds were provided from various sources, and the number of students soon began rapidly to increase.

With the rest of the Faculty, Professor Warner shared in the reduction of salaries necessitated by the poverty of the Institution and the small number of students; and with them worked faithfully and laboriously for its interests in the sphere assigned him.

This, in reality, comprised a whole group of departments—elocution, rhetoric, oratory, æsthetics and English literature—each of which alone would be sufficient to occupy the time and absorb the energies of any one man, but almost all of the work in which—whether in the form of individual or class-exercises in the training of the voice, rehearsals for public declamations, the conduct of the Wednesday afternoon speaking which was attended by the whole College, instruction in the art of rhetoric, the criticism of essays both in private and before the class, and lectures and critiques upon authors in English literature—devolved upon him, so far as it could be done at all, without any assistant to relieve him of any part of the continual demand upon his time and strength, in undertaking to do what no man ever has done or could do without incurring criticism of some sort from one source or another.

Among the lectures which he prepared and read to his classes, some of the most elaborate and instructive are a series upon the early Saxons, their history, mythology and poetry, those upon the English language, upon poetry, upon the imagination, upon the composition of discourse, and upon the power of a just elocution. He also wrought out in concise, but systematic shape, a short treatise on Elocution for the press, though he never published it. Of this he says in the preface:

"The following short treatise on Elocution on the basis of Dr. Benj. Rush's analysis of the voice, is not intended to be a complete exposition of that system. The object is simply to illustrate the prominent principles of the scheme in a manner that can be more easily understood, than in that large and philosophical discussion of the subject, even without much instruction from a teacher."

In his preaching in the College pulpit, Professor Warner was certainly not less evangelical or practical than he had been in his earlier

ministry. His sermons were characterized by the same unity of treatment of the theme, the same instructiveness, the same clearness of expression and good taste, while they were rather more elaborate in structure, fuller in illustration, and, to a greater degree, aimed to set forth the reasonableness of the teachings of the Scriptures and their adaptation to the nature of man.

Of such a character was the Baccalaureate sermon which, in the absence of President Hitchcock from the country, it fell to him to preach at the graduation of the class of 1850. The text was: *For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord. Rom. xiv: 7 and 8.*

"Everything God has made"—he remarks in the opening—"is made for some definite end: every star that glitters in the nightly firmament, every insect that builds its coral palace in the ocean's depth. Not only is this true of the mind of man with all its high powers and capacities, but the end for which it is made is disclosed in its very structure, like a mechanism consisting of parts, all of which were made to work in harmony for a worthy end; and this end can be discovered by a study of those parts.

The first part of the text affirms for what end man was *not* made to live, viz.: himself: and the second part declares the end for which he *is* made to live—to God.

I. That man is designed thus to live is seen from the very constitution of his spirit—the nature of his active powers and their relation to each other.

II. That he is designed thus to live is seen from the relations he holds. These are such that entire self-regard is at war with the interests of human society. The precepts of the Bible are given for the security of human happiness."

From the development of these truths involved in the text, several practical remarks are drawn:

"1. The benevolence of God as seen in this precept. It puts man on just such a course as is adapted to secure his lasting good. Denial of self for the benefit of others is the main process to widen and lift up the character to a higher condition.

2. The power and value of a life not unto itself. If ever our world is to be recovered to its highest condition, it must be by men who count not their own life dear unto them. With a nobleness of purpose that is out of sight of self, they will work out their benevolent mission: God's glory and human welfare shall be their end. When such speak, the world shall hear their voice and be made better. Their very graves are eloquent.

If there be any redemptive power in human character and human example, it comes out from him who barters away his personal enjoyment as the price of the general welfare. The names of Hampden and Pym, of Milton and Baxter and Bunyan, shall work with reforming force till the Kingdom of God is come.

But who cares for him who has cared and suffered for nobody but his dear self? Who calls him back in memory, but to mourn over or despise his folly. He is gone—worthless in life, useless in death. His epitaph is the graphic inscription of God: The memory of the wicked shall rot.

3. High attainment in culture is not evidence that we are not at war with our text. There is hardly anything worse than idle selfishness. It is not, however, less necessary that the man in the highest position of literary and scientific life, should guard himself as to his motives. While knowledge is heaven-high above ignorance and sloth, it is not the less true that the motives in the highest attainment of human intellect may be mean and low. He is not always the biggest man that is the highest up, though a million eyes gaze on him in his gaseous flight. Nor may he who is crippled with the weight of his mountain-heavy accumulations be other than a niggard.

The pressing love of knowledge and the love of human reputation may be, and are, higher than the love of ease, but they are neither of them the love of God, and they may leave us equally living to self.

There is such a thing as treasuring up the science of the past and coming, and then dying as the fool and miser—stifled with our own accumulations. And there is such a thing as gathering the wisdom of ages to pour it out on the ignorance of men, as the rain drops that are sprinkled from the fingers of God on the panting fields.

This is a noble work. He that thus liveth for others, is worthy of the love of his race, nor shall he be poor or forgotten till man's nature is reversed, and power and equity at an end in the government of God. He is noble and he is safe,—wherever he live, or whenever he die,—whose law is: 'Whether we live, we live unto the Lord: and whether we die, we die unto the Lord.'"

The special address with which the sermon closes, is as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Senior Class:

Our subject in its spirit is one that appeals to you with special force. You are soon to mingle with a world whose great impulse to action is self. Were we to draw a picture of humanity, in general, we should be compelled to draw it the reverse of the precept in the text. It is a world where the keenest and bitterest strifes come up from the conflict of selfishness.

Were all men to walk in the steps of that charity that seeketh not her own, the evils of life would be more than half extinct. But it is not so. With precept, and threatening, and law, and penalty, against undue self-regard,—with all these to fence up our way to right, we fail. The world is selfish still.

It is into such a world that you are now to enter more fully than hitherto. We would, therefore, that the precept be distinctly and deeply impressed on your heart: None of us liveth unto himself. We trust that most of you have, and we pray that all may imbibe His spirit whose life is drawn, in this respect, in a single line—He pleased not himself.

There is much in the conflicts of society that will require a broad and expansive charity. You cannot have lived thus long without self-denials. They will meet you in every step of life's progress. Such is the world that it will often claim more than is equitable. But it is not always the wisest way to resist even

such a claim. There is a nobleness and grace—and a goodness, too—in yielding, which no nice avoirdupois balancings of yours and mine can equal. Not a few men lose their power for good and mar their own happiness by too great vigilance for the items of personal right. Our text would say: Ask not what I can get, but what I can impart. God and all nature are living on a principle of impartation. 'Not unto our self' speaks every evening star The mountain torrent retains its purity and pours out its refreshment only as it runs off from itself. The flowers would rot in their own pollution, should they snuff up their own fragrance.

We trust you will learn to live on the broad principle, visible in all God's works. If personal happiness is to be gained in this or any world, it is by the cultivation of a character conformed to our subject. Honor worth having, if honor is to be yours, will be found in the path of self-sacrifice. If this be not so, the human mind is made false, and history and nature are a lie.

But if benevolence and equity sit on the throne of the universe, there can be no mistake here. There may not seem to some much poetry or dignity in the sentence: 'He went about doing good;' but if this be not life's great errand and end, then there is no end or errand worthy of you or me. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. Low as men may estimate the diligent, unobtrusive and quiet way of benevolence, it is the only rapid and upward way to perfection of character. Nor is there, when the gay deceptions and bustle of life are gone by, a character so noble as this. This is the universal judgment of men. Science falsely so-called and taste may despise and overlook it, but God will set it up in glory if it hath given only a cup of cold water to perishing humanity.

Look wherever you will then, there is nothing that speaks so persuasively in your ear as our text. It is in the hope that our subject will be embodied in your life, that we feel less unwilling to sever the ties which bind us to you to-day. It is not possible to mingle, as we have done, in our relations for four years, and to break them off indifferently. We should be unworthy of our place here, were not your prosperity and welfare an object of our ardent wishes. Nor would you be willing to go out from this place unloved and uncared for.

Time in its flight breaks up all human relations. But the bonds of pure affection will outlive these fleeting changes. It is our hope and prayer that this day is not a day of lessening, but of deepening interest in all our hearts. Wherever you may go, you will not pass beyond the limits of prayers, thought and hopes that will linger within these walls. The recollections of scenes gone by will not rust in the rush of years. We will remember you, and pray God that you may not live unto yourselves. When power and ambition tempt, we will hope that your resistance will be firm, unshaken. Whatever allurements may meet you, (and your whole life is a way of temptation), remember that the home is not here. Life is warfare. Eternity is the recompense. If there be any wish that lingers long in our bosom, it is that prosperity and usefulness be yours.

The remembrance of our beloved President comes over the waste of waters and fixes on you this day. 'Present my respects,' he says in his last letter, 'to the beloved class who are about to leave, and whom the religious interest of last term have made doubly dear.'

You may know in days to come what are our reflections on a day that closes on us the last Sabbath we meet in these relations. I could wish that your President were here to give you the last words of affection and counsel, but he is doing his work elsewhere. Happy should I feel if another of our number were present to give you with us, his last smiles and blessing, but he is not, for God took him.*

And when life with its cares is over, may we meet you all—*all* among the number of those who have not lived to themselves. And to God shall be the glory. Amen."

Although during all this period the College classes were much smaller than they have been in more recent times, in ability and scholarship the undergraduates of that era, as a whole, will not suffer from comparison with those of any earlier or later epoch of the same length, as an examination of the Triennial catalogue clearly shows; and their literary taste and rhetorical skill, particularly, as exhibited in the monthly College periodical then published—*The Indicator*—have never been surpassed by any generation of students since.

The kind of service Professor Warner rendered his pupils in their rhetorical and literary studies and in their practice in composition, and the estimation in which they held both these services and their instructor himself, may be more clearly understood and intelligently judged from the following reminiscences of two of them, than whom none more competent to express an opinion could be named among all who were members of College during the nearly ten years of his connection with it.

Francis A. March, LL. D., the valedictorian of the class of 1845, now Professor of Anglo-Saxon in Lafayette College, writes:

"Professor Warner came among us in my Junior year. He was from the first a favorite teacher. His recitations had many of the most valuable traits of written lectures. He brought in a manuscript book, in which he had apparently made a digest of the text-book lessons into topics, with additional illustrations and critical remarks of his own. His habit was to give each student, as he rose to recite, a topic in the form of a question, and to let him give what response he could from the text-book or other sources. He heard the answer with courteous attention, and then, with little direct confutation or correction, gave his own illustrations and remarks. We perceived that he meant to use the hour to impress fresh thoughts on us as much as to examine us on our own knowledge. This proved an agreeable variety from the Socratic method with which most of the other good teachers at Amherst used to probe us.

He made the same careful preparation for our forensic days. I still remember some of the decisions which he gave,—one, for example, on the comparative merits of Comus and Samson Agonistes, in which his usual pithy remarks rose

*Rev. Professor W. A. Peabody, who died suddenly Feb. 27, 1850.

to eloquence. His habit, evidently, was to seek perspicuity and energetic brevity as the prime qualities of his own style. His illustrations were apt, and drawn from fields frequented by scholars and gentlemen; he gave many illustrative anecdotes of American orators and authors. His manner was earnest, impressive and refined.

The instruction in elocution was given to us mainly at rehearsals, when a single student was with the professor. I was incorrigibly backward in that matter, unable to go through the motions beforehand, and Professor Warner, after giving me good general advice, gave me up, I think. I have no doubt he instructed others carefully in the niceties of the art.

There was a rumor current that the professor brought from the theological seminary some strange views of discipline, such as that he did not believe in compulsory attendance, but if students did not think his recitations worth attending, he would prefer to have them excused. I think there was no staying away, however, nor did he ever have difficulty in winning attention and order.

We all valued his instructions, and those of us who survive still hold him in grateful remembrance."

Professor William G. Hammond, LL. D., the salutatorian of the class of 1849, now Dean of the Law School of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., has given his recollections in the following sketch:

"Professor Warner occupied the chair of rhetoric and English literature during the whole of my course of study at Amherst.

During my first year, as Sophomore, I saw but little of him. He met the class for a recitation only once a fortnight, besides taking charge of the weekly rhetorical exercises. I had never been in a large school and had no previous experience, whatever, in declamation; and when my turn came, about once in a college term, my only anxiety was to hurry through the piece I had memorized and get off the stage before my trembling knees failed me entirely. The Professor's calm, impassive manner and mild but just criticisms, did not mitigate the dread with which I looked forward to every repetition of the exercise.

It was not until we began composing our own pieces for the stage,—as we did through Junior and Senior years,—that I began to take the least interest in this part of the course. Then I began also to appreciate the Professor's criticism, and regret that it was not more freely given. His taste was delicate,—almost fastidious,—and his ideal of good speaking a very high one. He would have made us, if he could, correct, elegant, polished orators, preferring these qualities in the order in which I have placed them.

Of all the great orators I have heard, Edward Everett seemed to me to come nearest to the ideal orator whom Professor Warner would have formed, if he could have found the right material among us. Yet this is only my own personal impression. I never heard him say anything of the kind, and I know he had a catholic appreciation of true oratory in all its forms. But as an instructor, his influence was negative rather than positive. He did more to guard us against faults and blemishes, than to stimulate such merit as any of us might possess. (Of course I am speaking here only of his formal instruction).

Above all things he disliked affectation and eccentricity of oratorical manner. One of the class who had considerable elocutionary power and loved to display it, declaimed 'The Maniac' one day. He had rehearsed it properly enough, but when the audience was assembled and his turn came, he strode upon the stage with hair dishevelled and a few straws scattered through it, clad only in a coarse shirt and trousers, and with a fragment of chain artistically fastened around one of his bare ankles. The delivery was in keeping with the *mise en scene*, and as he finally shrieked, 'I'm mad! I'm mad!' he fell full length on the stage. But the thrill of excitement and admiration that he counted on producing, was cruelly checked by the instant sound of the Professor's voice. 'Next speaker in order, Mr. Herrick.' There was a whole volume of criticism, however, in the dry, business-like tone with which this solitary comment was made.

This mode of reproof was characteristic of him. He rarely scolded; was indeed lenient to all misconduct except such as implied meanness or trickery. For this he had utter contempt, which, at rare intervals, flashed out in a scathing sentence. But usually to the minor offences of the class-room or of college-life, he closed his eyes or noticed them only with a word of quiet irony. His judgment of others always erred on the side of charity, if at all. The severest remark I ever heard him make of one who had wronged him very much, and who was noted for his devious policy and oblique methods of reaching his ends, was: 'If so-and-so (a man of marked integrity and rectitude,) had done the things he has, I should say he was a great rascal!' This implied and was meant to imply, that the offender was not conscious of wrong-doing.

But this charity for wrong-doers never degenerated with him into indifference to wrong. While he was so lenient in his judgment of the past acts of others, and acute in finding or supposing good motives for them, he would not endure the least trifling with or underrating of the distinctions of right and wrong. His conception of moral obligation, was remarkably deep and clear, and it gave the law of his life. That a certain course of conduct was right, or wrong, ended all discussion and doubt with him; there was no attempt to evade or qualify this distinction and its consequences. In judging himself, or in determining what was to be done in a given case by any one under his control or influence, he was sternly, rigidly just; so much so, that those who saw only this side of his character, often thought him stern and cold. I have heard several different persons call him 'a Christian Stoic.'

Even in the common intercourse of daily life, the most striking trait of his manner was a reticent self-control, without a trace of self-consciousness or vanity. There never was a human being more free from affectation of any kind, or 'gush' in any of its forms.

Yet, with all his reserve, he was courteous to every one, and genial with those he loved. In all his connection with the College, he never showed to so good advantage as during the several periods when he was the acting President. It was in one of these that I first made what can be called personal acquaintance with him, though I had been reciting to him for two terms. I called one evening, some ten days before the close of the winter term, to ask an excuse for the rest of the term on account of my health. It was the first time I had ever

been at his house, and the impression the visit made is as distinct as though it were only thirty-five days and not thirty-five years ago. At that time it was the accepted dogma at Amherst that the heart of every student was 'deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.' Excuses were only granted after a strict cross-examination, the presumption always being that the reasons given for asking them were untrue. I shall never forget my delighted surprise to find that Professor W. accepted my statement without a word of doubt, and even advised me to do what I asked leave to. I spent a pleasant half hour with him, and came away with that impression of his candid, steadfast, transparently pure character, which I never had reason to change for a moment in the many years of our subsequent acquaintance.

It was not until our Senior year, however, that I knew him best, and had an opportunity to judge him intellectually as well as socially. He was our instructor in logic, and beside this, I had many conversations with him upon the other studies of that year. He was familiar with the writings of the English and Scotch metaphysicians, and to some extent with those of the continent. But Cousin was the only one of the latter of whom I remember his speaking with much praise. He enjoyed the processes of abstract thought very much, but at the same time disliked vague speculation. It seemed to be his constant effort to bring his own conceptions to their clearest and most simple form, and he set little value on those with which this could not be effected. He had, above all men I ever knew, the rare quality of intellectual honesty. It was not mere candor of statement, though that of course was one of its results. It was candor of thought, the 'clear white light' of the mind, that showed opposing reasons with the same fairness as those he held to. He had profound convictions, but almost no prejudices. So, too, in his judgment of men, he had the large charity which overlooks faults without disguising or concealing them.

Perhaps Professor Warner would have been a more popular teacher, if his character had lacked this perfect poise,—if he had been more excitable himself, and readier to excite others. He had none of that faculty by which an earnest teacher persuades his classes, and often seems to persuade himself, that the subject he happens to teach is the most important, the most profitable, the most fascinating of all studies. He was too calm and free from enthusiasm himself, to awaken much enthusiasm in the class. Nor do I think he took that pleasure in watching and assisting the development of immature minds, which is necessary to make the teacher's task a labor of love. I doubt if he ever really enjoyed teaching,—at least teaching a class of average college students, as students ran at Amherst in my day. Had we been nearer to his own standard of taste and judgment, so that he would have had merely to guide us in the paths of thought which he himself loved, he would doubtless have enjoyed it better.

He certainly took pleasure in that informal teaching which is given by an older, better-stored mind to a younger, less cultivated one, when the difference between them is not great enough to prevent their sympathizing in the same hopes and aspirations for a higher life or more light. In all my intercourse with him, he never seemed so delightful, or so delighted, as in the long rides or walks he loved to take with one companion or a very few who bore this relation to him, and in whose society he laid aside all restraint. His company, at such times,

was pure education, in the best sense of the word. It was not mere instruction, though his talk was always instructive, but it was the subtle influence of his own nature, winning, at once, the admiration and love of his companions, and by these moulding them into greater likeness with himself. Thus his best and finest work as a teacher was done when he was least conscious of teaching at all."

Mr. Hammond adds:

"A very great pleasure it would be to me, if I could only express in words the likeness of his beautiful character, as it is impressed on my memory and my heart.

I have tried to avoid the tone of a mere eulogy, yet you can understand how hard it was 'to name him but to praise.'"

On account of the long and trying illness of his youngest daughter, Anna, in the winter and spring of 1853, terminating with her death April 20, at the age of eleven,* Profesor Warner was unable, during that season, to attend without interruption to all his College duties; and the grief and depressed condition of health occasioned by this bereavement, prevented him, for a considerable time afterwards, from applying himself to his exercises with the students, with the interest and energy which had previously characterized him.

While thus situated, in the autumn of that year, a committee of the Trustees, appointed at the preceding Commencement "to inquire into the state and condition of the College," included in their report to that Board, at their meeting Nov. 21, a severe criticism upon the character of his college work, without, however, hearing his side of the case or even having any communication with him upon the matter.

Immediately on learning of this "report" and of the action of the Trustees in "adopting it as their own," he tendered his resignation, after a term of service not exceeded in length, as yet, by that of any of the other seven, who have occupied the same chair of instruction in this College, and equalled in length by that of only three of them.

His colleagues in the Faculty immediately sent him the following communication:

"AMHERST COLLEGE, Nov. 23, 1853.

Having learned that our esteemed friend and colleague, Rev. Aaron Warner, has tendered to the Trustees his resignation of the department of instruction, over which for a number of years he has presided in this institution, we take this occasion to express our high and sincere regard for Professor Warner, both in his public and private character;—our conviction of his high moral worth,

*See Appendix D.

his attainments as a scholar, his faithfulness as an instructor, his uniformly kind and gentlemanly bearing. We wish also to express our sympathy with him in those afflictions which have cast their shadow over his path;—our sincere regret at losing, from our number, one who has ever shown himself so true a friend, both of the College and of ourselves individually;—and our personal wishes for his highest happiness and success in any future relation to which he may be called.

(Signed),

Edward Hitchcock,	E. S. Snell,
W. S. Tyler,	W. S. Clark,
George B. Jewett,	Joseph Haven."

So far, also, as the students were concerned, his resignation seems to have been not only entirely unexpected, but far from being desired. The action of the class of 1854, who were then Seniors, on learning of it, was thus expressed:

"To Rev. Aaron Warner, Professor of Rhetoric, Oratory and English Literature in Amherst College:

We, the undersigned, in behalf of the Senior class of Amherst College, being informed of your resignation of office, do most respectfully express our feelings in the following resolutions:

Resolved: That it is with surprise and deep regret that we have heard of the resignation of Professor Warner; that in the prospect of being deprived of him, we feel that we shall lose a worthy and competent teacher, a true and faithful friend, one who has ever endeared himself to us by the most gentlemanly courtesy, and the most zealous interest in our personal welfare.

Resolved: That although we are unacquainted with the circumstances which have induced him to resign, we would most earnestly unite in requesting him to withdraw that resignation, if no longer than to lead us through our College course which he has so kindly and faithfully thus far completed.

Signed by a Committee of the Class."

The Junior class adopted the following resolutions:

"Whereas, we have learned with deep regret that false reports have reached the Rev. Aaron Warner, Williston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory and of English Literature, regarding his connection with the present Junior class, as an instructor—and that he has tendered his resignation to the Trustees of Amherst College; and, whereas, the faithful and able performance of his duties has commanded our highest respect, and his gentlemanly courtesy won our affectionate esteem, we would hereby humbly and earnestly tender the request to Professor Warner, that, if not conflicting with his present purposes, he continue to us the honor and benefit of his instruction.

Also, *voted:* That we transmit a copy of the above to Professor Warner, and to the Faculty of Amherst College, and also to the Trustees of the Institution.

Amherst College, Nov. 22, 1853.

Signed by a Committee of the Class."

The *Springfield Republican* of Nov. 23, making mention of his resignation and of these resolutions, adds:

"The general attachment and affection of the students for Professor Warner, is shared by all who have enjoyed his instructions in years past. In the discharge of his duties, he has always displayed a heart full of kindness and sympathy, and, while in the most difficult of all professorships he has never made an enemy, the beauty of his religious character is linked with many a student's dearest associations of College life."

With the spirit and in the manner characteristic of him as a true Christian gentleman, without any appeal to the sympathies of the students spontaneously awakened in his favor, and without comment upon or even an allusion to the procedure of others in the matter, Professor Warner made his acknowledgments to these classes in response to their resolutions, in these terms:

"Professor Warner would return his sincere thanks to the members of the Senior and Junior classes, for their resolutions, transmitted to him through their respective committees,—for their kind and earnest wishes that he would recall his resignation, and continue his instructions to them through their collegiate course.

His interest in their prosperity and his personal attachments, rendered more strong, if possible, by this timely and delicate expression of their confidence and esteem, would have made it pleasant to do so, had not duty seemed otherwise.

But though they will fall into other and better hands, they may rest assured that his high personal regard will in no wise be diminished; and his prayer for their literary and moral progress will not be less earnest and sincere.

Amherst College, Nov. 23, 1853."

From graduates of the College, too, there came to him, not long after, some significant and emphatic expressions of respect for the man and appreciation of the services of the teacher, which were substantial evidences of the value of his labors in the College, and of his "success," in the best sense of that term. Two of these are as follows:

"ANDOVER, Jan. 4th, 1854.

DEAR SIR:

It was with regret that I learned, some time since, that you had resigned the professorship of English Literature in Amherst College. Wishing well to the College, I regret it. I regret it, also, as it removes quite the last personal influence that ever draws me in pleasant recollection beneath her shadow.

Your counsels given a few years back, not less in the study than in the lecture-room, are remembered with no little pleasure. They seem to be more pleasingly associated with the past as time advances, than at any earlier period. The worth of true courteousness may not always be appreciated at first, but the

grateful remembrance of it often strengthens with days, months and years. I am glad that now an opportunity is given in which it may not be improper for me to assure you that the sincere sympathy of a man, rather than that of a Professor, of a gentleman in distinction from that of a tutor, will not be readily forgotten.

Permit me to say, not with the spirit of making invidious comparisons, that my good wishes will always go with an instructor, who could not forget his individuality in his office, his Christian courtesy in the sway of a petty sceptre, his manliness in the mockery of ingenuousness.

I thank you for a kind interest for me manifested at one time—which it is not needful to specify here—even then appreciated beyond what was confessed. I assure you it will always give me great pleasure to know of your good in earth, and in relation to things beyond earth.

I trust it will not detract from the evidence of sincerity in these remarks, if I subscribe myself indefinitely, yet respectfully,

A Former Pupil."

"Rev. and Dear Sir:

Some of your former pupils, resident in and about New York, wish to testify in some manner, their sense of the obligations under which your connection with Amherst College has placed its graduates.

With this view we respectfully ask that you will, at your earliest convenience, allow your portrait to be painted for presentation to the College.

By signifying your consent to any of the undersigned, you will confer a great and lasting favor upon your attached pupils and very obedient servants,

Theo. H. Benjamin,
James R. Hale,
Charles C. Fowler,
Ambrose Dunn,
Daniel J. Sprague,
Joseph L. Jones,
Henry D. Root,
I. Pomeroy,
Charles H. Payson.
Wm. G. Hammond,
Wm. B. Dada,
Don Carlos Taft,
Will Goodrich,
E. E. Boies,
B. T. Harrington,
R. E. Topping,
W. S. Karr."

VIII.

LIFE IN RETIREMENT.

1854—1876.

For about twelve years after his connection with the College had ceased, Dr. Warner* preached quite frequently in different churches in Amherst and the towns in its vicinity, particularly during the war of the rebellion, when the absence, at different times, of many pastors of churches in the service of the Christian commission required a temporary supply of their pulpits. And throughout this period he still applied himself at intervals to the writing of sermons.

Of the continuance of his deep interest in the work of the Christian ministry and of foreign missions, an interesting proof is found in the "Right hand of fellowship," which he gave at the ordination, in the year 1855, of Rev. Daniel Bliss, of the class of '52, (now President of the Syrian College at Beirut) as a missionary to Syria. After making mention of the general significance of this part of the act of ordination, he remarks:

"II. It is the pledge of our confidence in your ability to meet the duties and exigencies of this work. Arduous as are the labors, on which you enter, we have confidence in you that you will meet them as one 'set for the defence of the Gospel,' 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.' Should the Epicurean, and the Stoic, should Maronite and Jew, Druze, Arab and Turk encounter you, —error with name, and without name,—we confide in your ability 'to convince the gainsayers, and to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men,' by your gentle and holy life. I might speak of our collegiate, personal intercourse, were it in place. Four years we have passed in this College, in literary and social relations: these have served but to awaken my confidence and esteem. I shall love to recall these years, when you are far away. They shall linger in memory sweet and beautiful as the summer sunsets over these western hills. Succeed-

*The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by Amherst College in 1860.

ing days shall renew them and gladden my heart, as they rise in my memory, till life's sun is set.

In this confidence we cherish in your ability, your promptness, energy and Christian gentleness, we welcome you into your special field of labor. If there be any peculiar spot on earth, on which I would love to live and to die, it is the land on which your feet will soon tread. How many are the sweet and blessed aspirations, that will link you to all that is great and good. The memories of the past will throng around you, rich in the happiest influence. Prophecy will then unfold itself to your eye; Tyre and Sidon will fix deeply in your heart the truth of the Divine prediction, as you may sit amid their ruins and read: 'I will scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock.' 'It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea, for I have spoken it, saith the Lord.' God's word shall be to you a more heartfelt truth, as your eyes see in her desolations the finger of the Almighty. Should you go up to Carmel, and cast yourself down, like the prophet Elijah, and put your face between your knees, I think that you would worship there, with a deeper reverence, the Lord God of Elijah.

Everywhere will you be reminded of great truths, lived and acted out. You will tread in the footprints of men 'who have subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, quenched the violence of fire.' Your parish is light with examples of Christian heroism. You are the successor of men of whom the world was not worthy. Where can you find a spot, like this, to live and to die in? We welcome you to all these high advantages. We are happy to bid you Godspeed to a spot where are so many things to enrich your heart, so much to confirm you in your work. 'I pray thee,' said Moses, the Jewish leader and lawgiver, 'let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain and Lebanon.' But God did not permit *him* to put his foot on the land where you will be soon privileged to walk. You go unhindered where marvellous acts of power and mercy meet you at every step. Every mountain has a revelation; there is some wonder of God on it; every stone turns up a miracle under it; its history is full of God. This is the spot where your prayers and labors are to be expended. Blessed privilege, to walk where all is so bright a revelation of God, and so urgent to duty!

Go, then, to your good work; we will follow you with our prayers and our sympathies. This *Right Hand of Fellowship* shall reach over the ocean. Go with this pledge given and returned, and unbroken even when life is ended. Go, loved by us, cared for and prayed for by all that love the missionaries of Christ. Go, and may the strains of prophecy find in you their sweet fulfillment: 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion: Behold, thy God reigneth.'"

His interest in the cause of missions was also shown in his frequent attendance upon the annual meetings of the American Board, and in the sentiments expressed at several of these anniversaries in the reports he made, the preparation of which was assigned to him by

committees of which he was the chairman. In 1843, at Rochester, N. Y., in behalf of the committee on the missions in *Eastern Asia*, he said:

"We are strongly impressed with the importance of the mission to China at this time. God, by his Providence, has opened a broad field of operation to the American Board, and he says in language definite and clear, that it is white already to the harvest. We hope that the missions of the Board may be greatly strengthened everywhere, but especially here."

After a survey of the condition of *the Nestorian mission*, at the meeting in Pittsfield in 1849, his report proceeds:

"We think no one can observe the changes that are taking place in Oroomiah and in its vicinity, and not feel the deepest gratitude and the highest encouragement in the great work of missions. God has wrought wonders among the Nestorians. He will do greater still, if we are faithful in this work. When we mark the political changes which have taken place in Turkey and Persia, when we note the local relation which this mission holds to large portions of the unevangelized world, we cannot but expect the happiest results. The plains of Oroomiah, the mountains of Koordistan are open and free to the missionary to carry the tidings of life to the villages of the Nestorians. We would seek, as members of this Board, as Christians, to meet, if possible, the earnest appeal of our brethren of this mission to send them additional laborers."

Reporting to the Board for the committee on *the Home Department*, at Detroit, in 1858, his encouraging words upon its financial condition were:

"The indebtedness of the Board is not a new feature in the progress of our work; nor does it raise a fear in the minds of your committee that we shall not pay our debts. We have seen previous seasons of difficulty and doubt, but out of them all has the Lord delivered us, yea, and he will deliver us. We should be more than sorry to believe that all the increase of vital piety in our land, during the past six months, will not be worth to this cause more than the forty thousand dollars we are owing. The circumstances of the Board are already much more favorable than we dared to expect a few months since; and for this we would devoutly thank God and take courage."

In his characteristic style are two other paragraphs in this report:

"We are pleased to learn that the *Morning Star* is still bright, on her way. May the God who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand, and the winds in his fists, guide her, and her little builders, also, to a safe haven! The mission school enterprise, also, we are glad to see, is taking deep hold on the sympathies of the children and youth. We hail it as another bright feature in the missionary work."

"In regard to the 'Turkish Missions Aid Society,' your committee are led to feel that it originated in a wisdom and love that are higher than man's, and that it shall bind us to English and Irish hearts more firmly than ocean cables."

Professor Warner's devotion to the one object to which he had consecrated himself in early life, was still further illustrated in these

later years by the papers he occasionally read before the ministerial association of which he was a member. The subjects of some of these were: "A review of the systems of Edwards and Upham on the Will;" "The relation of rhetoric to psychology and theology;" "The dress of truth;" "The elocution of the pulpit;" and "The power of a just elocution."

During quite a large part of his time, however, in this period of retirement, he was deeply engrossed in certain literary studies in which he had, indeed, always felt an especial interest. A more inquisitive and diligent student of psychology, and of the most important questions in theology and ethics, than he, during all these years, it would have been hard to find. The critical reading of works upon philosophy, in particular of the treatises of Cousin, Hamilton, Presidents Hopkins, Porter, and Dr. Hickok, was his daily enjoyment. The problems of which they treated had a continual fascination for him, and he never tired in perusing and re-perusing the discussions of these and other eminent writers in these departments of learning.

During his connection with Gilmanton Seminary, the work had been assigned him of delivering a course of lectures upon certain topics in mental and moral philosophy, for the benefit of those of his pupils who were not college graduates.

He now applied himself to a careful and thorough re-examination of these subjects, and particularly to a re-casting of the lectures forming one course, whose object was an inquiry into the nature of the "active powers" of man considered as parts of one constitution or system, their relations to each other and to the whole, and the end for which this spiritual organism was designed.

As thus elaborated, these lectures form a closely connected series of eight dissertations, treating in succession, in a methodical and forcible way and in clear and vigorous style, with great abundance and variety of illustration, of "The constitution of the mind," "The appetites," "Self-love," "The desire of esteem," "Resentment," "Benevolence," "The uniformity of conscience," and "The supremacy of conscience."

At the request of Professor (now President) J. H. Seelye, he read these lectures to the Senior class in Amherst College in 1860, and afterwards prepared them for the press, but never came to a decision to publish them.

From the beginning of the year 1865, Mrs. Warner was in failing health, the disorder which prostrated her yielded to no treatment,

and after months of intense and increasing suffering, she died at Lowell, on the 7th of July.* Her husband's burden of anxiety during her illness and of grief upon her decease depressed his health; and not long after, an attack of acute disease brought him to the verge of the grave, and left him in a permanently impaired physical condition.

He had now passed the allotted limit of threescore years and ten. His defective eye-sight, which for many years had interfered not a little with his application to study and teaching, was becoming more and more weakened—cataracts slowly forming upon both eyes—and from this time he was obliged, for these reasons, to decline all invitations to preach, and to desist from any continuous or regular prosecution of his favorite studies, though was not compelled to abandon them entirely until the last year or two of his life.

The reading of the New Testament in the original, in particular, to which he had always given some time daily, he managed still to continue. Without laying any claim to the critical scholarship of the professional exegete or teacher, his Greek Testament had become as familiar to him as the English translation and he seemed to take more satisfaction than ever in the study of it and in comparing with it, passage by passage, the French and Spanish versions with which he had also an intimate acquaintance.

As to all that was going on in the world around him, he kept himself well informed through the newspapers and periodicals, and passed his somewhat necessarily lonely old age partly in these occupations in his study and partly in correspondence with his children and others.

In the letters written at this time as well as in those of an earlier period are passages which so well illustrate some of his traits of character, particularly his quaint humor, and his peculiar ways of expressing himself, that some of them may not unsuitably be quoted, even though separated, as they must be, from the connections in which they occur.

1853. "Yesterday our dear little Anna was laid to her quiet rest. A heart of honesty and openness was always hers. May God bless this sorrow to us all and make it redound to our everlasting good. I cannot express how wide is the desolation of all our hearts.

She was the life and joy of the house. The discipline we are called to endure, is no doubt wise and necessary to our character; but it often seems that the glad scenes and joyous aspects of life will never visit us again."

*See Appendix C.

June 14, 1853. "It is said by some that creatures do not always or all live equally; some live more in a minute than others in an hour or year; the rate of life is in proportion to the rapidity of intellect and intensity of feeling. On this principle I live at about the rate of a snail that has the numb palsy, or one that has retired from business."

Feb. 17, 1860. "Attended association at North Hadley yesterday. 'Great heap' of Reverends there! Pretty clever time. Great affairs in church and State discussed and settled. Adjourned till May, to settle the rest of the business of the universe. The great laws of morality, I think, will not get jostled off the track till that time, and then we will do up the little remnant of business."

Oct., 1860. "The time of the singing of birds is gone, and the voice of the turtle is far away. Old north easters scowl over the face of the sky, and chase away the frightened leaves to kiss the dust in the depths of humiliation. All nature seems shrugging up its shoulders at the ominous changes, and buttoning up its jacket as the nights are nipping keener at its vitals."

Sept. 28, 1863. "Apples are gathered into heaps, pears are off the trees, frost on the vines, and all things making ready for the covering up of the clean, white blankets of winter. Thus nature wraps herself up for a new and bright resurrection in her appointed time. What a wide and wonderful world is this! The morning stars still sing together, and shouts of joy fall on all listening ears, to-day, as of yore. He sees little who does not read lessons of deep import in nature as well as in revelation."

Oct. 24, 1863. "My portrait is finished. Whether it be good or bad, I am unable to say. Some say: 'Yes,' and some hesitate,—'A defect in the nose'—'the eyes'—'in the mouth'—'too fierce,' 'too tame,'—too something in one thing, too something in another. No eyes see alike."

Nov., 1863. "I read the first lecture in Blackstone, for a novelty. I think I should like the study of law much. It is a wide and rich field. There is no littleness in it, rightly viewed."

April 5, 1864. "I observe that you often end your sentences not rhetorically, stopping them at little particles,—'to,' or 'for.' A sentence finished by a little word of such sort seems like a pyramid on its apex."

April 13, 1864. "We eat and drink, and sometimes read the passing news, if there be any, make an occasional call, I purpose to do a great deal better than I have done,—and so the day ends. I was much interested in the article on Mormonism in this month's *Atlantic*."

May 11, 1864. "Attended the Association at Mr. Beaman's, (No. Hadley), Wednesday. Walked over and back. Had a pleasant time."

May 30, 1864. "I sigh to hear the word *war*, and no sound could be sweeter on the ear than *peace*. May it come as the refreshment of the opening breezes of summer-life to gladden millions of hearts. All war is dark and dreary enough, but a civil war is of all the most terrible."

June 27, 1864. "Dusty and dry as Jericho! A day's rain, quiet and steady, would be worth in Wall St., at the Broker's Board, more than gold. I am glad, however, that gold buyers have no monopoly of rain water; they would choke the whole land for one per cent. higher in the market. The heat of Saturday and Sunday was intense, and all energy was withered as grass."

July 21, 1865. "If your mother were here I should enjoy it (Saratoga), for a time. But now I see little to interest and please me. All is overcast and dark. I have no sympathy with the bright show and parade that is fluttering in the broad halls. I walk in the midst of it all in my own sad meditations."

March 29, 1866. "I have been reading the Life of John Huss, a book of the highest possible interest. It is a full development of the state of society in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, political and religious, and a noble outline of a great and noble man.—It is blowing snow-blasts over the hills, as if creation were crazy."

April 20, 1866. "The sun rises and sets as in days gone by.—Beautiful weather! J. is flying about the house, making the dust fly, to the general discomfort of all the little bugs and bugesses that had built their palaces on the fifth avenues of their city pride. One brush of her broom demolishes their hopes. They seem to curse house-cleaning epochs as heartily as ever the patriarch cursed the day of his birth. But so it is. House sweeping is a civil institution, though it be uncivil to tear down a man's house, and make him scamper out of his home, barefoot and naked as a shelled oyster."

May 1, 1866. "Our grounds begin to look quite in order. All seems pleasant, wanting only one who was the life and joy of the house. I often seem to feel that she is present, till some passing incident wakes me to the sad reality that she is gone from our circle, no more to be in our joys or sorrows here. May her remembrance incite us to greater diligence in life's great work."

Sept. 6, 1869. "Sabbath. The sermon good, but too diffuse and wordy, and repetitions of the same idea. The whole creation can't be gone over in thirty minutes. Some men seem to think everything must be crowded into a single effort. They make a long introduction, when none is needed; or if needed should be a brief necessity,—done, and not done over again in the end of the sermon. Again, are not some sermons all made of the personal pronoun? But it is easier to see faults than to shun them."

Sept. 13, 1869. "Mr. C. has just stepped out with that queer little chap, R. He is a curious piece of furniture. What he will be is a problem to be worked out by time's chiselling. He certainly has elements in him of which none can tell the future working."

Jan. 9, 1870. "I have not seen an idea within five rods of me for the last week. I believe a fresh thought would scare me out of my wits, so I will stop, for possibly one may emerge from some dark and unvisited locality."

Jan. 17, 1870. "I take my regular walks, and write a little, as I have a review of Dr. Hopkins' Philosophy to read at the next Association. Shall I ever preach again, I often ask myself. I think I could do so, and better than once, if my eyes were strong enough to see my notes."

May 25, 1870. "I know not that I know any more than I did when I was a wise sophomore in college. Then I could see through, but now I can't see half of that. Life seems often to me a great riddle, and man and his destiny a puzzle unravelled. Beyond this life what do or can we know? Nothing but what revelation discloses. And these revelations are great generalities. Of the particulars of the future life, its relations, its daily duties and forms,—in a word, its economy,—little or nothing is said. Who wishes or thinks we shall sing

Watt's Psalms and Hymns from morn till sunset? But what *shall* we do? A being with nothing to do, and doing nothing, is half-way, at least, to annihilation. The field of the future is too broad, the capacities of our nature too mighty, to be satisfied with an unchangeable tranquility. We should ache to move out of it.

But I will end my sermon, as I know you always used to be happier to hear the *amen* than any other part of the discourse. I only add under this head that amid all the darkness of the future, the way out of it is plain. Duty is no dark or doubtful matter in life, and its end is and must be higher up in the progress of our being. So, doubt or no doubt, our business in life is plain.

Amherst is now in its full attractions. Beauty hangs on every bush, and winningly seeks to be praised without a blush. 'Consider the lilies of the field.' What a stupid thing is a brick wall compared with a beauty that is scattered everywhere! Give me the country to live in!"

Sept. 27, 1870. "I can laugh at wit, but it is hard to wrinkle up your face at genuine nonsense, and giggle politely at vacancy. I think Solomon felt a little as I sometimes do: 'As the crackling of thorns under a pot,' &c. I know I am on the sober side of life, yet I can see the green and laughing side of thoughts as truly as in younger days. I have sympathy with wit, and, I hope, with wisdom."

Oct. 31, 1870. "Prof. M. buried yesterday. A good man gone from his extreme sufferings to rest,—to a broader activity,—to a life unshackled by sin. Let us learn from these unexpected and sudden changes, lessons of true wisdom. Our times are in wise hands. Let us wisely use this world, as the Apostle says, 'as not abusing it;' tributary to higher and more blessed relations in coming periods.

My health is not so poor as it was. I feel more like a living something, less like a nihility. Be careful of your health. 'Poorly' is an expressive term telling of a regiment of uneasinesses, another term for dyspepsia, which needs and can have explanation but in the nerves and bones of him who feels the evils it engenders. It makes a man a sort of Gadarene swine-keeper!"

Nov. 4, 1870. "We are all frail creatures. But there are some who add to frailty selfishness mighty as Goliath of Gath. They beat Samson 'all hollow.'"

Feb. 11, 1871. "I look over to the Fourth of July, and say summer is coming in all its gladness and smiles. I cannot say I love extremes. Hot and cold, freeze and thaw, is a process ill-suited to my taste. I manage, however, to keep out of doors between East and West streets. Have been reading a history of the Sepoy war, one of the most horrid exhibitions of human or unhuman nature this world ever saw. Read it, and see how the devil cannot outgo this.

It is possible that I may come to B. if health permit; but I promise little for myself. I am only a remnant of one Aaron Warner, once a something to himself, and a conscious entity to a few others, but now almost a minus quantity in the bustle of affairs. But I hope one day to walk on a broader field, and under a freer sky. I hope to be a development of something more than something developed out of nonentity—out of a philosophic molecule! The longer I live, the more I am convinced how little we can know."

June 20, 1872. "I write, not to tell you how hot it is; *that* will tell itself. Fahrenheit itself cannot keep up with it! But I find it hard to live through the day, and feel I have done nothing. Work is a pleasure if a man has all his tools, and in order; but to think without brains is something like trying to run without legs. I am not like some people who can talk without ideas. At least I give myself the credit of being unable to say anything, when there is nothing to be said."

Feb. 1, 1874. "My eyes do not allow me to read much, and deafness shuts up another avenue to social intercourse. But I hope not to complain. All, I hope, will be well soon."

Dec. 22, 1874. "If you have not read the life of Dr. Franklin, read it. It is full of sublime incidents. Have you read Macaulay's History of England? Fail not to read in that of Judge Jeffries, an incarnate curse. I think worse and worse of human nature."

Jan. 14, 1875. "I am better than I was a year ago. I am in more than ordinary health, though not yet a boy again. I walk out some three miles, and eat and drink quite enough for one who finds himself doing nothing. *Nothing* is hard work. No work so hard as to think of how little value you are in life, and to see no way to mend your condition. I need a pair of eyes to read whatever I wish, and new ears to hear all the busy world has to say.—Take all possible care of your health. You are descended from a race of sinners, and need double care to take heed to manage skilfully your own boat in the breakers of life. Had I known as much of life at twenty as at seventy, I might have done more of good, and I hope, less of evil.—Human nature is quite as bad as the Bible represents. I do most sincerely believe there is less of stern principle than in my boyish days. It is easier to tell a lie now than then. Do I think differently of honesty, integrity, religion? *Not a whit less, but more.* I would rather be a man in his integrity, than a king on his throne."

Out of doors, Professor Warner's diversion was now found in the care of his garden, his fruit trees and grape vines. Long walks and rides in all directions were also among his daily recreations. Not a few of his drives were to the homes of some who were in need or sick, as well as to those of his personal friends, to all of whom it was his great enjoyment to carry baskets of fruit in their season. In one of his letters he wrote: "My pears go into many families."

Thus variously occupied, "faded his late declining days away." The infirmities of age gradually increased upon him from year to year. *If by reason of strength the days of our years be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow.* He had reached *the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and those that look out of the windows be darkened.*

Yet he was able to take his walks about town, to the last; nor was there any failure of his mental powers, except, perhaps, of his memory of recent events. And, though the outward man was perishing,

the inward man was renewed day by day. His mind was stored with passages from the Bible, which he had been in the habit of repeating in the family, and which he would now recite aloud to himself, from time to time, as he walked the room and meditated upon them.

Respecting his own religious feelings, he was habitually reticent; as in all things pertaining to himself, he was constitutionally reserved. But his devout and spiritual temper of mind was revealed in the whole course of his life, and emphatically in his intercourse with others.

One of the things most strongly impressed upon the memory of those, who were for a longer or shorter time in his household, was the exceeding appropriateness of his prayers at family worship—their genuineness, simplicity and comprehensiveness. They seemed to be the natural expression of feeling of a true child of God, in real and reverential communion with the Heavenly Father. A frequent quotation from Scripture in his prayers was: "May our rejoicing be this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world."

He was fond of church-music; and not only distinctly retained in mind many of the hymns committed to memory in his youth, but enjoyed repeating them aloud in these last and best days, singing stanzas of them to himself or hearing them sung by others, whom he would often join in that exercise. Among his special favorites was that grand hymn of Watts:

> "Up to the hills I lift mine eyes
> Th' eternal hills beyond the skies:
> Thence all her help my soul derives,
> There my almighty Refuge lives."

Others were those beginning:

> "The Lord my Shepherd is,
> I shall be well supplied;"

and,

> "I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home."

and,

> "Nearer my God to thee."

And thus, to others it seemed manifest that the same calm, equable Christian faith, which had been the inspiration of the earlier and vigorous years of his active life in the ministry, was sustaining him in his latest days to the end, when flesh and heart were failing.

Approaching the mysteries of death and the future life, such portions of Scripture as the twenty-third Psalm and the fourteenth chapter of John, in particular, were his support and comfort and wrought that patient and submissive spirit, which was apparent in him in times of severe sickness, to which he was subjected.

One such attack was experienced in the month of March, 1876. From this there was a partial recovery for a fortnight; then, a relapse occurred. His bodily powers were exhausted, and after a few days of delirium, in which he often imagined himself to be absent from home and longed to return to it, he sank into entire unconsciousness and passed away, early in the morning of Sunday, the 14th of May, having reached the middle of his eighty-second year.

And so, with relation to the earthly life, it could, with truth, be said of him that he came to his grave *in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in, in his season.* While as regards the immortal life, the words of the inspired revelator fitly apply: *I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.*

The funeral services, at his residence, on the afternoon of the Wednesday following, were conducted by President Stearns, and the College Church choir sang the hymns beginning: "How blest the righteous when he dies," and "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep."

The respect and affection in which Dr. Warner was held by those who had intimately known him at different periods of his life, found expression, on their learning of his decease, in forms of which the following are specimens.

From the Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams:

"Boston, May 17, 1876.

Your dear father's face lives and will always live in my memory. He was one of the excellent of the earth, beloved by all who knew him. He made me think of that beatitude: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' That purity was manifest in his looks, and words, and acts. His friendship was highly prized by me; his whole demeanor was a testimony to his intrinsic goodness. Many who knew him in the ministry, and in and around Medford, will dwell upon his words treasured up in their hearts.

I write at the hour when you are performing the last offices of love to him, which I would join with you to render, were it possible.

Most affectionately your friend, and your father's friend,

N. Adams."

From the Rev. George Constantine, of the class of '59, in Amherst College, then missionary in Greece:

"ATHENS, GREECE, June 24, 1876.

The *Congregationalist* brought us the news of the death of Prof. Warner. When I read the account, I could not but recall that benevolent face, and that good heart, the influence of which was felt by all those who came in contact with him. I know you do feel bereaved at the loss, yet you are comforted that he was spared to a good old age, and you have every evidence that he is happy with the Lord.

Your sympathizing friend,

GEO. CONSTANTINE."

From Charles Atwood, Esq.:

"BOSTON, May 17, 1876.

I remember with great pleasure some years of very constant intercourse with your father. After your mother's death, he was much of the time in Boston, and day after day was wont to sit with me in my office, or we walked together and discoursed of those things which constitute the true life of the soul. Through all the years his words and conduct have always been of unchanging kindness, and truly pleasant in the remembrance.

There is in the English liturgy, a short prayer of which I found in a biography of Josiah Conder, a very literal versification. I copied it for myself, and now copy it for you.

'O God, with whom the faithful dead
Still live, united to their head,
Their Lord and ours the same—
For all thy saints to memory dear,
Departed in thy faith and fear,
We bless thy holy name.

By the same grace upheld, may we
So follow them who followed thee,
As with them to partake
The free reward of heavenly bliss:
Merciful Father! grant us this,
For our Redeemer's sake.'

With affectionate regard,

C. ATWOOD."

From the Rev. Dr. George W. Blagden:

"BOSTON, May 16, 1876.

I deeply and sincerely sympathize with you in the departure of your dear Father,—always my affectionate and faithful friend and brother in the ministry of the gospel.

His death has been not unexpected by me, owing to what was told me of his recent illness: so that I was not unprepared for the announcement of it.

I had been intending to write to your father, but deferred it too long. It would be a great consolation to me to know that I had done so. Now, I can only hope to meet him, where there shall be no more death.

Had your kind and thoughtful note arrived earlier, I might possibly have arranged my engagements so as to have been with you in the last tender services of to-morrow.—I shall be with you in spirit. I shall try in any other way, that I may be able to do so, to bear my testimony to the excellence of your dear father's character and life. I can only now commend you all to our God and Saviour and pray that 'in the multitude of your thoughts within you, His comforts may delight your souls.'

Affectionately and sincerely your friend,

G. W. Blagden."

This venerable clergyman afterwards gave this "testimony," in form as follows:

"My impressions of him as a preacher and pastor were made at a time when I knew him quite intimately. They are inferences from our mutual intercourse as friends and as pastors of churches in the same neighborhood, far more than from any opportunities of listening to his words from the pulpit, or noticing his habits as a pastor among his people; while they have, of course, been influenced by his general reputation among his ministerial brethren and their churches.

I remember that I first began to think of him as a preacher more than commonly clear, discriminating, and affectionately faithful, when we were companions in a journey, as delegates to a conference of churches, not far from Plymouth in this state, to visit which place, as the spot where the Pilgrims landed, we devoted a day. On our return, having been detained by a stormy night, I think at Kingston,—we spent our time, very profitably, and very pleasingly, in reading and conversing, with Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying* for our text-book: your father having brought it with him, a silent, but eloquent companion of our travels. His heartfelt and intellectual remarks respecting the words of Taylor, prompted me repeatedly to say in my heart: You must be a good preacher of the gospel.

Some years afterwards, we were again companions on a journey, from Gilmanton, N. H., to Centre Harbor, where we passed a fortnight, or three weeks. There, also, he had not forgotten to bring valuable books as our companions, and we read and enjoyed together, Isaac Taylor's *Ancient Christianity*, and some of the most eloquent of Macaulay's essays. There, also, we were called to lead, alternately, in the services of the village church, during the morning and afternoon of one Sabbath. The discourse your father preached in the morning of that day, commended itself to my conscience as one beautifully simple, and appropriate to a village audience, in which were mingled strangers and visitors from other places. And a distinguished public man, who was one of his hearers, strongly expressed to me, at the close of the service, his own deep impression of the faithfulness of the preacher.

Your father had what is sometimes called a metaphysical mind. I remember his speaking to me once of a work, then recently published, on 'The Will,' in which the author attributed much more of influence to the prevalent power of desire in prompting its decisions, than is usual with many preachers, in our day. He was, I think, strongly 'Edwardean' in his views on this subject; and would make more use of the declaration of the apostle John,—'Every one that

loveth is born of God.'—than of the self-determining power of pure will, changing its governing purpose from considerations of reason.

Of his qualities as a pastor, I have had less opportunity for judging, than of his gifts as a preacher. I recollect that once, in analyzing somewhat the character of one of the leading and most influential members of his church and society, he showed, very clearly, that he cherished a deep interest in the habits of social, as well as of religious life, forming under his ministry. And, on another occasion, in playfully, yet honestly, criticising the pastoral habits of a friend and brother in the ministry of the gospel, he exhibited a careful regard for the kind of conduct a minister should adopt in securing the affection and confidence of his people. He had a kind heart, and quick and delicate sympathies towards any who were afflicted, or any who were in want.

He has been to me one of that kind of men, to whom I have been accustomed to apply the words written in the epistle to the Hebrews of eminent believers.—'of whom the world was not worthy.' I mean by this, that owing to his inherent modesty, or diffidence, (with his strict statements of truth,) accompanied often, if not always, with precarious health, men who did not know him well, might not duly appreciate his excellence, as a preacher, as a pastor, and as a man. We need the future life rightly to estimate the characters that are forming, or formed, in the present life. This, I think, is one of the reasons why the great apostle, in his eloquent chapter on the resurrection of the dead, has written,—'If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.' Professor Warner exhibited the character of those, who shall say 'in that day:' 'Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?' To whom 'The King shall answer and say, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' It is a saying of our Lord as beautiful as it is encouraging: 'They cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.'"

APPENDIX.

A.

CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN OF JOSEPH AND JERUSHA E. WARNER.

I. OLIVER, b. March 3, 1780; m. Rhoda, dau. of Erastus Bridgman, May 25, 1806; d. April 3, 1853. She was b. Sept. 1, 1784; d. June 3, 1867.

Nine children: Miriam, d. aged eleven; Elvira, m. George Shepard of Northampton; Julia, m. (1) Zeno Russell of Pittsfield; m. (2) Walter G. Oatman of Cleveland, O.; Rev. Abner Barnard, m. Sarah S. Abbott of Andover; Edward; Rev. and Hon. Oliver, m. (1) Jane S. Daniels of South Hadley; m. (2) Harriet Newhall of Lynn; Seth, m. Lydia A. Clark of Easthampton; Miriam, m. Frederick A. Clark of Northampton; John, m. Amelia Paine of Elmira, N. Y.

II. SOLOMON, b. Dec. 16, 1781; m. Lucretia, dau. of Elijah Allen of Northampton, Dec. 16, 1811; d. March 19, 1863. She was b. Oct. 9, 1788; d. July 29, 1825.

Six children: Jerusha Edwards; Henry Wright; Elizabeth Allen, m. Beman Brockway of Watertown, N. Y.; Lucretia Allen; Julia Ann; Moses, m. Susan A. Clark of Easthampton.

III. ELECTA. b. Oct. 23, 1783; m. May 14, 1810, Elijah Allen, Jun., of Northampton; d. Aug. 26, 1853. He was b. July 28, 1782; d. Jan. 15, 1826.

Eight children: Ebenezer, m. Lavinia Goodale of Northampton; Clarissa, m. Jonathan Brewster of Northampton; Moses Warner, m. Minerva C. Fletcher of Rockford, Ill.; Elijah, m. Louisa Clark of Westhampton; Electa, m. Richard Kellogg of West Springfield;

Miriam Warner; Sarah Warner, m. Newman Clark of Westhampton; David Brainerd, m. Ellen Field of Madison, Conn.

IV. JERUSHA, b. June 20, 1785; m. Nov. 11, 1806, Adolphus Wright of Keene, N. H.; d. March 17, 1828. He was b. June 13, 1785; d. Nov. 22, 1864.

Seven children: Gustavus Adolphus; Frederick William; George Andrew; Jerusha A. Edwards, m. John Snow of Keene, N. H.; Sarah Warner, m. Beman Brockway, of Watertown, N. Y.; George Andrew, 2d; Elizabeth Campbell, m. Napoleon J. Smith of Townsend, Vt.

V. SARAH, b. Aug. 29, 1787; d. June 12, 1840.

VI. JOSEPH, b. June 24, 1789; m. Nancy, dau. of Jonathan Warner of Williamsburgh, Oct. 17, 1814; d. Nov. 8, 1840. She was b. July 28, 1787; d. April 23, 1868.

Six children: Joseph, m. (1) Jane A. Barnard of Northampton; m. (2) Emeline R. Barnard of Northampton; Eliza, m. Sidney Strong of Northampton; Mary Hodge, m. Dr. David W. Miner of Ware; John; Nancy Edwards, m. William Skinner of Williamsburgh; John Flavel, m. (1) Harriet Leigh of London, England; m. (2) Esther C. Heyward (Warner) of Williamsburgh.

VII. SETH, b. April 2, 1791; d. Dec. 28, 1819.

VIII. MOSES, b. Dec. 22, 1792; d. Dec. 27, 1819.

IX. MIRIAM, his twin sister, d. Sept. 30, 1794.

X. AARON, b. Oct. 20, 1794; m. (1) Mary Atwood (Hardy) June 4, 1828, who d. June 12, 1834; m. (2) Anne G. Burns, Jan. 12, 1838; d. May 14, 1876. She d. July 7, 1865.

Three children:

1. Mary Hardy, b. in Medford, May 11, 1830; m. Aug. 13, 1861, Edward P. Crowell of Amherst. Children:

Edward Warner, b. June 17, 1862; d. July 1, 1862.

Robert Warner, b. Dec. 11, 1864.

Mary Warner, b. Sept. 4, 1867.

Annie Louisa, b. Nov. 17, 1868.

Jennie Caroline, b. Aug. 27, 1872.

2. Aaron Edwards, b. in Gilmanton, N. H., March 23, 1839; graduated at Amherst College, 1861; at the Law School of Harvard University, 1864, and admitted to the bar, in Boston, the same year; m. July 19, 1870, Caroline Louise, b. in Boston, July 20, 1845;

dau. of Dea. Zenas and Caroline S. Cushing of Ipswich. Children:

Henry Cushing, b. Jan. 31, 1872.

Anna Louise, b. June 22, 1873.

3. ANNA CHARLOTTE, b. in Gilmanton, N. H., July 4, 1841; d. in Amherst, April 20, 1853.

XI. JOHN, b. Aug. 27, 1798; d. July 24, 1820.

B.

THE ATWOOD FAMILY.

I. HARMON ATWOOD, who came from the vicinity of London, England, to Boston, Mass., in the year 1642; m. Ann, dau. of William Copp, in 1646; d. in 1650, leaving one son.

II. JOHN ATWOOD, b. in Boston about the year 1647; m. (1) Sarah; m. (2) Mary (Smith), dau. of Zechariah Long of Charlestown; d. in 1714, aged 67 years. He was a deacon in the old North Church, Boston, twenty-one years. His funeral sermon, preached by Rev. John Barnard, and printed the same year, was entitled: *The peaceful end of the perfect and upright man. Psalms 37: 37*, and concludes as follows:

"It will not be thought an unjust honor paid to the dead, nor a flattering of the living, for me to say: We have seen such a perfect and upright man—a man in whom the truth and sincerity of religion shone with a peculiar lustre: a devout man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and exemplary in the exercise of many particular graces; a man conscientious and careful in his whole carriage towards his neighbor; just, even to the criticalest exactness; his word might be depended on, and his fidelity was immovable; a true-hearted, honest, upright man; and, for that reason, made the common almoner of the poor (especially at this end of the town),—the treasury where pious souls deposited their alms, leaving it to his care and fidelity to distribute them, that their left hand might not know what their right hand did; and in the expense of his care, time and labor a man of uncommon charity; a servant to this church and faithful therein.

Such was the man whom yesterday evening we attended to the house appointed for all the living; solemn was the show, and the rites revered: and universal grief seemed to sit in state on every countenance, and spoke the inward sentiments of the long, mournful train. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the

upright: for the end of that man is peace.' Such was his end. How calmly did his body rest, and his soul silently withdraw to the possession of his Master's joys."

III. John Atwood, 2d, b. in 1693; m. Hannah Bond, in 1715, at Haverhill, Mass.; removed to East Bradford, (now Groveland), in 1716, and engaged in vessel-building. One of his four children was:

IV. Joseph Atwood, b. in 1722; m. at Haverhill, Sarah Chresdee, (a native of England), in 1743; d. in 1799. She d. in 1800. One of his sons was:

V. Moses Atwood, b. in Bradford, Mass., Nov. 13, 1761; m. Mary, dau. of Dea. Thomas Tenney of East Bradford, Nov. 15, 1788; d. in Haverhill, May 8, 1808. He distinguished himself as a merchant by his energy and enterprise, owning vessels that sailed from Haverhill to the southern states and the West Indies, and from Newburyport to many foreign countries.

Mrs. Atwood was b. April 27, 1769; d. July 4, 1853.

"In early life she was characterized by a graceful delicacy, a cheerful, social spirit, and a quiet faithfulness to every present duty. Left a widow with a very slight bodily constitution and a large and young family—three sons and six daughters,—and the many embarrassments following the death of a husband in the midst of the enterprises of a large and extended business, the stronger elements of her mental and Christian character became manifest. To a love which nurtured her children and prayed for them, were added a prudent management of property, an abounding hospitality, a zeal for the highest intellectual culture and a controlling religious influence, not only in her household, but upon all within the reach of her unobtrusive piety.

After the year 1828, Mrs. Atwood's home was with her children, successively, for the following twenty-four years, with short summer visits at Haverhill. But death made repeated visits to her family, and bore away most of her children to distant graves. There were seasons of deep sorrow when happy homes were thus broken up, but she rejoiced in believing that 'these all had died in faith.' The last eight months of her life were spent in Boston."

CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN OF MOSES AND MARY T. ATWOOD.

1. *Mary*, b. in Bradford, Aug. 2, 1789; m. (1) Oct. 22, 1810, Aaron Hardy; (b. in Bradford, Jan. 24, 1775: graduated at Dartmouth Coll., 1794; merchant in Boston; d. Nov. 14, 1816); m. (2) June 4, 1828, Rev. Aaron Warner; d. June 12, 1834.

Five children: (1) Aaron Atwood, m. (1) Amanda B., dau. of A. B. Hull, Esq., of New Haven, Ct.; m. (2) Mary, dau. of Horace

Cowles of Farmington, Ct.; Mary Sarah; Mary; Harriet; (2) Mary Hardy.

2. *Elizabeth*, b. Oct. 9, 1791; m. Oct. 16, 1815, Robert B. Willis of Haverhill; d. April 22, 1865. He was b. March 18, 1784; d. Sept. 11, 1874.

One child: Harriet Atwood.

3. *Harriet*, b. Oct. 10, 1793; m. Feb. 9, 1812, Rev. Samuel Newell, missionary; d. Nov. 30, 1812, at St. Louis, Isle of France. He was b. July 24, 1789; d. May 30, 1821. One child.

"The memorial of her cultivated mind and unwavering devotion to the missionary cause, published soon after her death, secured for her a high place in the esteem and affection of the Christian community, which she has ever since retained. And her memory will be cherished in the Church of Christ, though the house in which she was born and the memorials of her death on the Isle of France shall have passed away. Her brief life on earth was long enough to show how a delicate, educated pious woman can endure hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."*

4. *John Mulliken*, b. Aug. 4, 1795; m. Dec. 22, 1819, Henrietta Maria Coffin of Gloucester; d. May 29, 1873, in Philadelphia, Pa. She was b. April 20, 1798; d. Jan. 22, 1852.

Five children: Henrietta Mulliken; Mary Sarah; John Howard; Caroline; William.

5. *Sarah*, b. June 27, 1797; d. May 23, 1822, at Philadelphia, Pa. Unmarried.

6. *Caroline*, b. Aug. 13, 1799; m. Dec. 22, 1822, Rev. John B. Warren, pastor of Presbyterian church, Mobile, Ala.; d. Aug. 10, 1826, at Spring Hill, near Mobile. He was b. May 20, 1794; grad. Brown Univ., 1815; d. Aug. 13, 1845.

One child: Harriet Newell.

7. *Moses*, b. March 11, 1801; m. (1) June 26, 1823, Rebecca Bartlett of Derwent, Kent, England, (who was b. ; d. March 20, 1829); m. (2) June 15, 1831, Harriet Jones of Newcastle, Kent, Eng.; d. April 5, 1848. She was b. April 5, 1809; d.

Six children: Harriet Newell; Charles; Mary; Henry Martyn; Elizabeth; Frederick Lorens.

8. *Charles*, b. May 15, 1803; graduated at Yale Coll., 1821; studied law in New Haven and Boston, and admitted to the bar, Jan. 7, 1825; resides in Boston. Unmarried.

*Rev. Dr. R. Anderson.

9. *Emily*, b. March 25, 1805; m. June 4, 1828, Rev. James Bates; d. in Granby, Sept. 3, 1848. He was b. Jan. 17, 1799; grad. Dart. Coll., 1822; d. Dec. 9, 1865.

Five children: Edward Payson; James Atwood; Charles Henry; William; Emily.

MRS. MARY WARNER.

Soon after the death of the eldest of these children, a sketch of her character appeared in a number of *The Religious Magazine*, Boston, for Dec., 1834, written by the late Rev. Samuel C. Jackson, D. D., then pastor at West Andover, Mass., which is as follows:

"It is now several months since the journals announced the death of Mrs. Warner, wife of Rev. Aaron Warner, late of Medford, Mass., and as yet no sketch of her distinguished excellences of character has been given to the public. Her memory is dear to a large circle of acquaintances, and a delineation of her character, that should be strictly just, would be a precious memorial to them, and instructive to others. It is seldom that the grave closes over one of such unquestioned excellence and loveliness. It may seem to those who never knew the subject of this notice, that the writer sat down, as is too often the case, determined to draw a good character, having more regard to the beauty of the picture than to the truth of the likeness. If the likeness should be faithfully true to the original in the judgment of unbiased observers, it will probably be regarded by strangers as overdrawn, and the exaggeration of blinded affection. To secure confidence in its justness, the writer would say that he was only a common acquaintance, and that he gives the same testimony that is spontaneously given by all who had equal knowledge of her character. It was my happiness to have an acquaintance with Mrs. Warner, of several years' standing. I have met her in the bosom of her quiet home; have voyaged with her on the ocean, where associates are few, and social intercourse the more frequent; and have sojourned with her, far away among strangers, where the intimacy of friends becomes more intimate. While, therefore, I feel entitled to speak with confidence of her characteristics, from opportunities of acquaintance, there are no ties of relationship or of personal obligation to betray my pen into mere partialities.

Mrs. Warner was remarkable for *completeness of character*. No qualities were cultivated to the neglect of others. Great excellences were not associated with great faults. There was a beautiful symmetry. She was not like some books that delight you in one page and offend you in the next; or like a painting that has some figures sketched to admiration, while others are so disproportionate and imperfect as to cast a shade over the whole. As the different colors, when properly combined, are lost in the production of perfect light, so an equable cultivation produces a perfect character, without a predominance of particular qualities. If a most intimate friend were asked which of her good traits were most prominent, he would probably hesitate, and be unable to make a specification that would satisfy himself. Not because she had not great excel-

lences, but because there was so little prominence of one compared with others. One distinguished trait would occur to his mind, and another equally conspicuous, and another still, and he would not know where to fix a pre-eminence. In reply to such a question—and this is only supposing what has often actually occurred,—he would probably say, 'She was a perfect woman,' or 'She comes nearest to a perfect character of any one I ever knew.' This response I have heard again and again, and it was given with a unanimity and frankness indicative of its truth. What would the reader say, if her own mother should declare that she never had occasion to reprove her from childhood? While Mrs. Warner was amiable, she was intelligent; with rare accomplishments there was modesty; with superior intellect there was a tender heart; with uncommon delicacy of feeling, there was force of character; with a relish for high attainments there was due attention to inferior concerns; with literary taste there was domestic care; with prudence and dignity there was a social and kind spirit; with affluence and the flattering attentions attendant on wealth, there was condescension and benignity of manner; and there was a subordination of all to God. It would be pleasant to notice some of these elements of her character more particularly than my purpose or limits will allow.

There was a combination of qualities which conspired to produce the impression best expressed by the word loveliness. There was the highest degree of *delicacy and refinement*. It was evinced in every effusion of her feelings, in the expression of her opinions, in her whole deportment and personal appearance. A sensibility to the most pure and refined proprieties of life seemed never to forsake her. There was such purity in the tone and topics of her conversation, and such sweetness of manners, that anything coarse, harsh, or violent even in her presence, was a perfect incongruity. It was rebuked by contrast. It was out of place like a thistle beside a rose, or revelry in a sanctuary.

As might be expected, the strictest *modesty* was a concomitant virtue. If any trait was prominent, it was this. It was her constant 'adorning.' I have often admired its operation, when she had occasion to differ from those she esteemed; or to announce her opinions, or to allude to her own attainments and doings, it was always done with such diffidence and modest apology, and in a manner so removed from pertness and conceit. There was no flippant garrulity; no inviting of attention to herself; no ambition to shine and compel others to do her homage; no display and forwardness, as if she considered her standing and acknowledged excellence a license for officiousness and parade. A modest deference to the wisdom of others was ever conspicuous. Though her fine mind was highly cultivated, and richly stored, and entitled her to eminence in the most elevated circles, there was no appearance which seemed to say, 'See how much I have read; how acutely I can criticise; how sensibly and elegantly I can converse.' It was exactly the reverse—a disposition not to show, but to observe, not to teach, but to learn.

She was eminently characterized by *tenderness* and *gentleness* of spirit. In this respect there can scarcely be undue eulogium. She was pre-eminent among the amiable. It is doubted whether she was surpassed by any examples that can be brought to the comparison—save the solitary one of absolute perfection. It is believed that no acquaintances, not even her constant companions amid the

grievances and annoyances of private life, can testify to any other than the most uniform placidity of temper, the most unvarying sweetness of disposition and mildness of manner. Any sallies of petulence and impatience, or expressions of scorn and hate, or exhibitions of a querulous and censorious spirit would have been in utter repugnance to her habitual equanimity and gentleness. Insensibility was never her shield, nor were severity and bitterness her weapons. If she censured, or found fault, it was with such an acknowledgment of excellences in the subject of her criticism, such apparent reluctance, and such forbearance, that it never seemed unkind, or prompted by envy and resentment. The keen retort, poignant wit and sarcasm which often leave 'many an arrow deep infixed' in another's peace had no countenance in her example. Benevolence was in her heart, hence it was in her looks, in her manners, in her discourse. It was manifested not so much by great and splendid acts, as by an unceasing regard to the happiness of those around her, and by carefully avoiding the means of their disquietude. Every one has some power over the tranquillity of others. It is easy to excite in them unpleasant emotions, though the forms of civility are regarded. As if conscious of this power, Mrs. W. was watchfully tender of the feelings, and had a sympathetic complacency in the peace of others. This was her politeness. This is *true* politeness; far higher and nobler in its nature than the formal courtesies prescribed in the court of fashion, and observed as punctiliously by the unfeeling and haughty, as by the kind and meek.

A trait which made Mrs. W. much valued as a friend, was her unaffected *sincerity* and *simplicity*. Every one felt that she really was what she appeared to be. There was perfect freedom from the pretence, the hollow professions, the deceitful and selfish artifices so current in social intercourse. Nothing was assumed for appearance. Her manifestations of character, whether to the transient acquaintance, or the constant companion, were the same, and seemed to belong to the elements of her being. No beauties of accomplishment and address were put on for the occasion to attract and show off: they did not exist on the surface merely, like colors on a canvass, but like the lustre of gold, they were a part of her nature.

Her social virtues, however, did not constitute her chief excellence. She had a *mind of the first order*, and what nature had richly endowed, cultivation had highly furnished. She had a fondness for mental culture; a quick discernment of what is striking in thought and beautiful in taste; an ability to make and apprehend nice distinctions, and to follow a process of reasoning. The more severe exercises of the understanding were her delight. Intellectual effort was a recreation. When her only son in his boyhood, entered upon the study of the Latin, she commenced it with him, in order to encourage him by material assistance and sympathy, and actually kept in advance of him in the attainment of that difficult language. Her chosen topics of conversation were removed from the frivolous and trifling; and when discourse, in the society of the literary, turned upon subjects of an elevated character, it was sure to find encouragement in her interest and aid. A thirst for mental improvement and for solid attainments, though it occasioned no neglect of other duties, never forsook her to the close of her life, and was sometimes strikingly manifested even when she was under the debility of a hectic.

The writer belonged, but two winters since, to a little company of invalids of which Mrs. W. was one, who were exiled from home to a more genial clime by ill health. We were privileged to sojourn together in the same family for a time, and to enjoy the instructive society of a distinguished servant of the church,* who preceded Mrs. W. but a few weeks as an exile from earth. Here it was interesting to see the ardor and real zest with which she gave her attention to literary exercises, or to any matter of an intellectual nature, whether in theology, literature, or general science, which occupied the attention of her associates as a subject of discussion, though the wasting of disease had then marked her for the grave.

The most proper method of dealing with childhood, so as to secure the best mental and moral training, was a subject of deep interest; and her proficiency in this branch of Christian duty was answerable to her high sense of its importance. I have been instructed and delighted by her views of education, evincing much good sense, and a just observation of human nature; and many can bear witness as well to the wisdom of her practice as to the justness of her principles. In respect to intellectual strength and culture, it is enough to say, that her intimate friends and the instructors of her youth do not hesitate to declare her superior to her sister, the missionary, Mrs. Harriet Newell.

Her *piety* partook of her general characteristics. It was modest, humble, uniform, rational, solid. She was distrustful of self. A public profession she long omitted, owing to her characteristic and extreme self-distrust, and her strict conscientiousness, fearing to dishonor her Lord, and more conscious than others of her deficiency. In the unreservedness of private friendship I have listened to the effusions of her pious and humble heart, and they were streams from a deep, pure fountain. While her piety was ready to good works, it did not seek notoriety by them. It was nourished by clear views of Christian doctrine. It fed on truth. It loved simplicity. Sincerity pervaded it. It was never sanctimonious or moody, fitful or forward, indiscreet or repulsive; but uniformly cheerful, consistent, and lovely. Its element and its fruits were, 'whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report.' Mrs. Warner was a bright illustration of the true beauty of piety, when not marred by the imperfections of its subject. In her, religion was the loveliest of attributes, winning affection by its moral beauty, imparting the sweetest graces to her character, and forming the consummation of social excellence. And when she was breathing her life out sweetly on the bed of death, her piety was still the same—calm, fixed, intelligent, serene, bringing ample support to her spirit, which had already learned to repose in the arms of a Saviour and look upward for a home.

It might be supposed that a spirit so delicate and tender, would be crushed by the heavy trials of life. Far from it. She had fortitude and was called to exercise it. More than once she drank affliction's bitterest cup. What fond hopes were quenched and what tender ties were sundered when the grave took, one after another, beloved and promising children, who had lived long enough to make the pang of separation like the pang of dying! What a scene was that when her heart was desolated by the greatest of all bereavements—that which

*Rev. Dr. Porter, late President of the Theological Seminary, Andover, Mass.

made her a widow! The latter event occurred under circumstances most afflictive. Her former husband, Mr. Aaron Hardy, a successful merchant of Boston, being affected with pulmonary disease, was advised by his physicians to go south, and flattered with the hope of recovery. Accompanied by his wife, he sailed for Charleston, S. C., cherishing expectations of improved health. On his arrival he found his strength rapidly wasting, and in a few days his partner followed his remains to the grave. The blighting stroke was sudden. Far from home—among strangers—no kindred present to share her sorrows and watch with her over a dying husband—but one acquaintance of former years to comfort and accompany her through the last offices which affection and piety perform for the dead—surely this was sore affliction. The distinguished friend before alluded to, then in the city, was the acquaintance whose lot it was to administer consolation to the bereaved and sorrowing wife, and go with her to the burial. Many, too, were the kind attentions of strangers towards the afflicted one whom Providence had cast among them; but the kindest hospitality could do little towards assuaging the grief of such an hour. Then came the feeling that she was a widow! With what a heavy heart she left the 'sacred relics' behind and returned mourning to her home, *there* to feel how great the desolation her loss had created! Yet all this she bore with fortitude, and with far more becoming composure than many who have harder hearts and make more show of firmness.

It was her own lot, too, to die abroad. For three winters previous to her death she had been compelled to spend the cold seasons in a southern climate, and the trials and sacrifices incident to such a necessity are great. In her last illness a husband was present to minister to her; a little daughter was present also, not to minister to her, but to increase the concern of a dying mother, and embitter the parting pang. Yet she trusted in God, and died as becomes a saint. Her dissolution was hastened by a cold that seized upon her lungs, which had been long affected by organic disease. This occurred about four weeks before her death, and until this event she had the same prospect of living as for many months previous. She now appeared conscious that her system could not survive this attack, and considered her end as drawing near.

There was little variation either in her health or state of mind during the last few days of her life. She rode out on the day before she died; and on the day of her death there was no decisive indication of immediate dissolution. Without apprehending her departure so near, she fell into a gentle slumber and appeared to be literally sleeping when her spirit entered into its rest. She seemed to experience death without dying. So died Mrs. Mary Warner, aged forty-five years. She was meet to dwell with her sainted sister. Their ashes slumber apart in remote lands, but even now their spirits are joined. Death has not harmed them. God and his Spirit made them lovely: Christ redeemed them; death glorified them."

On the stone which marks the place of her burial in St. Augustine, is this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
MRS. MARY,
WIFE OF
REV. AARON WARNER
OF MEDFORD, MASS.,
WHO DIED
JUNE 12TH, 1834,
AGED 45 YEARS.
"For us they languish and for us they die."

C.

THE BURNS FAMILY.

I. John Burns, of Scotch origin, who arrived in this country in 1736, settled in Nottingham, N. H., in 1746 removed to Milford in the same State, and died there Aug. 4, 1782, aged 81 years. He had eight children, of whom the seventh was:

II. Thomas Burns, born in Nottingham, N. H., married Elizabeth Hartness of Lunenburg, Mass., and was the father of nine children. His oldest son was:

III. Thomas Burns, 2d, b. in Milford, N. H., April 11, 1767, moved to Gilmanton about the year 1791; m. (1) Feb. 19, 1795, Nancy, daughter of Col. Joseph Greeley of Gilmanton, (b. Nov. 25, 1777, d. Jan. 31, 1812); m. (2) March 1, 1814, Mrs. Jane Norton (Roberts) of Newburyport, (b. Nov. 10, 1777, d. Nov. 21, 1844); d. Sept. 2, 1831.

"Mr. Burns was for many years a magistrate and a selectman of the town, and for twenty-five years one of the trustees of Gilmanton Academy, and a firm supporter of the interests of the Congregational Society in the town."

His six children were:

1. *Maria Leavitt*, b. Oct. 22, 1795; m. Jan. 13, 1824, Andrew Mack, Esq., who was b. in Londonderry, N. H., Jan. 19, 1796; grad. Dart. Coll., 1808; tutor in Dart. Coll., 1810—11; preceptor of Gilmanton and other academies, many years; d. June 16, 1875.

Four children: William Andrew, (grad. Dart. Coll., 1844; Dart. Med. Coll., 1847); Thomas Burns; Maria Burns; Anna Jane.

2. *Eliza*, b. Sept. 9, 1797; m. Rev. John W. Shepard, June 10, 1817; d. at Nashua, N. H., Aug. 8, 1876. He was b. April 1, 1787; studied theology with Rev. Drs. Dana and Dimmick of Newburyport; was pastor at Windham and at Biddeford, Me.; editor of *New Hampshire Repository;* d. at Nashua, N. H., May 25, 1860.

Nine children: Anne Eliza; Thomas Burns; Sarah Jane; Samuel Mills; Sewall Norton; John William; Edward Olcott; Luther Dimmick; Aaron Warner.

3. *Anne Greeley*, b. April 26, 1800; m. Rev. Aaron Warner, Jan. 12, 1838; d. July 7, 1865.

Two children: Aaron Edwards; Anna Charlotte.

4. *Charlotte Augusta*, b. May 13, 1807; m. Edward Rufus Olcott, Esq., June 17, 1829; d. Nov. 28, 1846. He was b. Aug. 9, 1805, at

Hanover, N. H.; grad. Dart. Coll., 1825; was lawyer and Judge at Shreveport and New Orleans, La.; d. near Richmond, Va., Sept. 1869.

One child: Edward Burns.

5. *Thomas*, b. Nov. 7, 1802; d. Oct. 7, 1815.

6. *John Henry*, b. Jan. 25, 1812; m. Frances, dau. of Samuel Greeley of Hallowell, Me., Sept. 16, 1835; d. Sept. 22, 1860. She was born in 1816.

Two children: Thomas; Henry.

MRS. ANNE G. WARNER

the third daughter of Thomas and Nancy (Greeley) Burns, was born in Gilmanton, N. H., April 26, 1800. Her mother died before she was twelve years of age, and a few months later (May, 1813) she was placed in the Boarding School of Misses Rose and Swan at Medford, Mass., and remained under their tuition a year.

"The good influences of this academy," says the author of *Brooks' History of Medford*, "can hardly be over-stated. Uniting extensive literary accomplishments with the highest moral qualifications, these ladies performed their duties with dignity and quietness, and labored to give that instruction, which develops all the powers for health, usefulness and station."

After her return home, she was a member of the academy in Gilmanton about two years, and in 1816, spent some time in Boston in the study of drawing and painting, in the school of Miss Scollay, also giving much time to music, and profiting by, and enjoying greatly, the cultivated and literary society with which she was at that time brought into contact. The next year she resumed her studies at home and completed the regular course in the academy.

A very general religious awakening occurred in the village and its vicinity in the years 1817 and 1818, and of the large number who then began the Christian life, she was one. With many others she united with the Congregational church there in March, 1818, and was from that time onward, decided and earnest in her religious spirit. For a number of years she was an efficient teacher in the Sabbath School which was first organized soon after that revival. In the ladies' prayer meeting, also, she always felt a deep interest, remembering it with helpful words of sympathy in her absences from home.

From some of her letters in the earlier part of her life are taken the following extracts:

"Gilmanton, Sept., 1824. Attended the meeting of the Association at Londonderry, and returned altogether pleased. Dr. Spring, from New York, was present and made an address before the Bible Society, and preached a superior sermon on Christian sanctification. His elocution is elegant, his manner very serious and impressive, his voice almost sepulchral. Mr. Edwards, of Andover, gave an eloquent, solemn and appealing sermon from the text: 'Ye have an unction from the Holy One,' etc. * * * I never spent a week so desirably; it seemed to me that I was away from earth and every thing that alloyed, and for a time almost forgot that this season of enjoyment would not always last. If I do not love the society of those whose hearts glow with gratitude to the Saviour, and whose whole souls are engaged in promoting his glory and devising means for the happiness of immortals, better than any other, I know not myself."

"Gilmanton, Nov., 1826. On my way to Boston, I saw the delightful towns of Concord, Bedford, Nashua village, Chelmsford, Lexington, enjoying a sight of the battle grounds as I passed. In B. my pleasures were almost uninterrupted. Mr. R.'s circle of acquaintance is very intelligent and improving; they gave a large party which was very rational, refined and religious. Taste and religion, when united and mingled with a good share of intelligence, will make society truly delightful. * * * At Cambridge I met a very literary circle of which Mr. Gannett is the sun and center."

"Gilmanton, Aug. 19, 1827. Called yesterday at the snug little parsonage. We were taken to Mr. L.'s library, and delighted ourselves with the show of literature, while our brains were as unfurnished with the vast variety of thought as when we first entered the sanctum. Every thing wore the air of study and seclusion. I should like to linger about the haunts of genius and form some improving habits. But endless is the pathway of science, and many the barriers to my progress. But could I make attainments in the knowledge of my heart, and learn to anchor its hopes and affections on unseen perfection, without reserve or wandering, I would not sigh for the genius of Byron, the imagination of Scott, or the learning of Brown."

"Gilmanton, May, 1828. My journey home was safe and pleasant. * * * I am always at H. in mind on the Sabbath, at least morning and evening. The Sabbath school is not and cannot be forgotten by me. Remind my class of my interest."

"Gilmanton, February, 1829. I have been delighted with the perusal of Legh Richmond's Memoirs. How delightfully his days sped away, each one teeming with usefulness and happiness. I would rather be he, than to have the fame of all the Grecian and Roman orators, the Napoleons, the Walter Scotts, or any other man who has lived."

In the autumn of 1833, Miss Burns went to St. Augustine, Fla., for her health, spent the winter there and returned the next spring overland by way of Charleston, S. C.

In one of her letters of that winter, she wrote:

"St. Augustine, Jan. 19, 1833. I can scarcely persuade myself to date my letter in the depth of winter, when I am writing opposite an open window. The mercury stands at 77° in the shade. I have just returned from a charming walk in the sand, with my belt and basket filled with flowers, and if you could see my attic window and table covered with jonquils, roses, geraniums and various other flowers, you would quite envy me my sweet society. * * * * * Our friend, Mr. Upham, has been gradually sinking for the last two months, and we do not think it can be many days, perhaps hours, before we shall see this dear friend, our kind protector close his eyes on worldly interests to join the church in Heaven. We have at our house three of the best clergymen in the world, all from the North, one of whom ('Mr. Warner') is devoted to Mr. U., and as interested in him as a brother. This afternoon he is to administer to him the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. * * * * * I often wish brother M. was here to ride on horseback with me. The Indian ponies are very small and very pleasant on the back. They pace, canter and trot, all at once, which makes a curious gait. * * * * * How is dearest grandmother? Of uncle G. I have thought a great deal. Has not dear mother yet determined to profess Christ publicly? I have hoped that Mrs. C.'s visit might be blessed to her."

In the winter of 1836–37, *en route* to New Orleans, where she was to visit a sister, Mrs. Olcott, she wrote as follows from New York:

"Dec. 18, 1836. I am very much recovered, and am exceedingly prudent. * * * I should like to spend a year in Paris if I were in health. You must read Dewey's *Old World and New*,—sketchy, but interesting. * * * I shall write you again before we leave for New Orleans. I hope we shall not go to Washington. I have not health to enjoy a visit there. If a fine packet comes into port, I dare say we may go by ship yet. I should prefer it, and to return by land. * * * Think of me at the prayer-meeting. * * * I do little but chat away the day, and I try to do a little good by my example against attendance on the play and wine-drinking, to the various guests that come to our table, and by conversation with the servants."

"Jan. 3, 1837. You will be surprised to hear from me again from this city, but business still detains Mr. O., and I have been too ill to go out. We now expect to sail in the *Huntsville*, on the 10th, for New Orleans. I am quite tired of the bustle of this big house (the Astor) and big city, and should be very glad to be settled."

One of her letters, written during that visit, contains the following passage:

"New Orleans, Feb. 14, 1837. We are widely separated, but our interests are still joined, and I long to hear all about you. * * * We have sauntered along the different streets; found Chartres, Esplanade, Canal and Rampart streets very pleasant; have been to mingle our prayers with the worshipers at the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches; have seen the gay and grave filling the streets on the Sabbath, some bound to the house of prayer, others to scenes of dissipation and amusement. I often reflect how much good Dr. Parker and his church are destined to do in this city."

Ten years later, after the death of the sister whom she was at this time visiting, she writes:

"Amherst, Jan., 1847. I find my heart clings to this most desirable sister and friend, and I fear I do not say from the heart: '*Thy will be done.*' I desire to be submissive. I know it is right, and I feel that God is continuing to me many mercies. I would not be ungrateful."

Miss Burns' marriage to Professor Warner, occurred at Gilmanton, Jan. 12, 1838. During her married life there and at Amherst, she was never in vigorous health, suffering frequently from severe illnesses, and for many years before her death, unable to employ her eyes in reading or writing, yet always full of energy and animation, entertaining many guests as well as overseeing her own household, interested in the welfare of others, and participating as far as her strength would permit in every good work, remembering in the midst of her own weakness any who were in need of sympathy, and sending to them messages of comfort or supplies for bodily needs; her courage, hopefulness, unfailing cheerfulness and faith, making her own sick room a chamber of peace.

The disease which terminated her life developed rapidly near the close of the year 1864, and its persistent progress could not be resisted. After months of great suffering, she was taken in June, to Lowell, for medical treatment, and died there Saturday, July 7, 1865. Her funeral was attended at her home in Amherst, on Wednesday, the 11th, where services were conducted by Professor (now President) J. H. Seelye, whose remarks on the occasion were as follows:

"In rising to speak, at this sorrowful house, it hardly seems possible for me to offer words of comfort to others: I feel too much like a mourner, needing myself the consolation which I might be expected to give. But is there one of us of whom the same might not be said? Who that knew this departed one did not love her? and who of all this assembly does not have in this bereavement a keen sense of personal loss?

I can not speak of her virtues. If they were not too many to be enumerated and too rare to be described, they are too precious in our memory, and are associated with too sacred an experience in our hearts, to be thought of at this moment but with tears and in silence.

We do not mourn for her that her pain and weariness have ceased. That she is at rest in the completeness of the eternal life and the blessedness of the divine love, we confidently believe, and in this assurance do most devoutly rejoice. We think of her with the innumerable company toward which our looks and longings increasingly turn as we journey on in life, and, while we follow her with our thoughts, we seem to hear again the utterance: 'These are they which have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst

any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' From this blessed fellowship we would not recall her. We even rejoice in her joy, while it is only for ourselves that our tears fall. We mourn our loss. We sorrow, even though we sorrow not as those 'which have no hope.'

But our sorrows are divinely sent. Is there any ministry wherein God's love and wisdom are more clearly seen than in these afflictions, 'which work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen?' To the Christian the earth is a probation in two senses. It is a trial scene to see if we will secure the heavenly prize, and a trial scene in order that we may secure it. Judging from the Bible or our own experience, dear friends, can we discover in God's providences toward us any other end than to discipline us for the glorious destiny of his elect children? And is there aught else for us now than to accept the discipline with penitence and thankfulness and love, while we come boldly unto the Throne of Grace to find grace to help in this our time of need? 'For we have not an High Priest who can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.'"

Soon after, the following tribute to her memory was prepared and printed:

"Mrs. Warner has passed away from a home which she loved, and where she was the object of the warmest affection. She has gone, we do not doubt, to a more blessed world, and entered upon a fellowship incomparably purer and higher than any earthly circle could furnish. We could not recall her if we would, and, though we follow her with tearful eyes, we rejoice both in the memory of what she has been and the knowledge of what she is.

There is little need of any formal tribute in her praise. Her memory will always be fresh and fragrant in the hearts which knew her. Few persons could meet her casually and but briefly without an impression of her amiable grace; and no one has ever known her intimately and well but that the first acquaintance with her rare qualities has been followed by a continually increasing respect and affection. Through the varied discipline of grief and joy during her earthly life by which our Lord fits his chosen for his kingdom, she was made meet for the eternal inheritance. Those who knew her most intimately, felt most confidently the sincerity of her faith and the growing strength and fervor of her Christian hope and love. Until separated by her last disease from frequent intercourse with her friends outside her immediate family circle, no part of her life was secluded. She loved and enjoyed the social circle, and yet she lived for her friends more than she lived with them. She sought society less than she attracted it. The light which always shone upon her face and the love which was ever glowing in her heart cheered and charmed all who approached her. Children loved to visit her. Students in college sometimes passed their happiest hours, with equal profit and pleasure, in her company. People of culture and those whose life was in a different sphere found her alike an appreciative friend. Her quickness to discern and her readiness to respond to the feelings of

others, her kindness and sympathy and self-forgetfulness, the unaffected dignity of her manner, and the easy grace of her conversation, rendered her the joy of her home and the delight of the larger circle whose eyes are dimmed by her departure. She is as widely missed as she is tenderly mourned; and the passage of time only renders more manifest their loss to those who loved her."

D.

Anna Charlotte Warner, the youngest child of Professor Aaron and Mrs. Anne G. Warner, was born in Gilmanton, N. H., July 4, 1841, and died in Amherst, April 20, 1853.

Soon after her death, the following sketch of her character was published in *The Puritan Recorder:*

"Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'T was an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away."—*Longfellow.*

"Our Saviour, when on earth, called to his arms little children and blessed them; and ineffaceably written in his word stands the sweet promise: 'Those that seek me early shall find me.' To encourage these dear little ones to seek that Saviour who has promised, and is faithful, this brief and imperfect sketch of the life and death of this little girl is written.

Her endowments were rare. At a very early age, long before she had learned to read, she would listen to her favorite books, till she could repeat them literally, and then she would amuse herself for hours, in going over and over the familiar words. 'The Life of Christ,' written for children, in poetry, was truly 'learned by heart;' and the Pilgrim's Progress was read to her, until she was perfectly conversant with the scenes and descriptions of that wonderful book. From the time that she learned to read, till her last sickness, *books* were her *business;* other things incidentals. Her memory kept pace with her advancing taste and knowledge; it was stored with hymns, passages from the Bible, historical facts, poetry, and anecdotes of almost every style and author. The very act of reading seemed to fix the substance, and even the words in her mind. In a shorter time than would generally be believed, she would make herself mistress of any volume she perused, and be able to answer with perfect correctness any questions upon it. She was very fond of Macaulay's Lays, and almost all of Longfellows poems, and Scott's longer poems, though these are only *specimens* of her taste and reading. She was very familiar with the histories of England and France, as well as of our country; and a very favorite theme of conversation with her, was the comparison of the great men of these lands. She was a great admirer of the character of Josephine, would often speak of her benevolence,

and contrast with her, Maria Louisa. Her conversation was remarkable for independence and originality of thought. She read, and then formed her own opinion and her language was well chosen and appropriate. If she spoke of books, the characters were all *real* to her, and she discussed and compared their traits as she would those of her friends.

Yet with all this, there was no affectation, no attempt to exhibit her information,—it was the simple expression of her own thoughts, and she was not aware that these were anything unusual. She combined, in a wonderful degree, the artlessness and simplicity of childhood, with the intellect and attainments of maturer years.

She was a most devoted and lovely member of the home circle, ever anticipating the wishes of others, and ready to meet them with an affectionate heartiness and zeal, which won no slight hold on the affections of all who knew her. She was always interested in the plans of those about her, and willing to yield her own pleasure for their gratification. Full of life and playfulness, she was the sweet charmer of pain and fatigue. When she saw, or thought she saw a cloud on the brow of any of her friends, her blithe little voice was ready with some sweet stanza, or some merry story, and her gentle hand was laid softly on the aching head; resting not till the smile came back, in answer to her fond caress, and mirthful sally.

About three years ago, she was present at a communion season, at which some of her friends were received to the church. She was perfectly overwhelmed by the thought that she was excluded from partaking of the emblems of Christ's death, and *because* she was 'not a Christian.' Her agitation was so great, that she could not remain through the services. She has said several times during her illness, that she received her 'first definite religious impressions' then; and her friends had thought her increasingly interested in religious subjects,—although they could see no decided change in her. She was always a very conscientious child, with a most strict regard for the truth; perfect reliance could always be placed on her word. The Sabbath was a sacred day to her; she was always careful to ask if a book, of which she felt any doubt, were a good one for the day; and if answered in the negative, it was instantly laid aside, and some other substituted. For the last year, she has been very careful to read the Bible and pray daily. In a little memorandum she had made, dated July, 1852, she says: 'I wish I was a child of God. He is the best friend I can have. When I am a child of God, I shall be happy.' During the last autumn, she used frequently to say, 'I feel heart sick. I know I am a sinner. I want to be a child of God, and love the Saviour; but I don't know how to begin. Do tell me how.'

Her illness commenced on the 24th of January, and from that time, till the 20th of April, when God forever set her free, she was a constant and severe sufferer. But through all this trial, she was perfectly uncomplaining and patient; not a murmur escaped her, though racked by a severe cough which shook her emaciated little frame, and unable to take any nourishment. When first told that the physician thought it doubtful whether she would recover, she was not alarmed or troubled. 'I am willing it shall be as God pleases. He will do all things well,' was her unvarying reply; and this sweet spirit of entire *submission*

marked all her illness. At one time, she said: 'When I was well, I used to be afraid to die; but I am not now. If God pleases, I shall get well; if not, I shall go to heaven, and there I shall be happy.' The thought of *death*, as a *solitary* thing, seemed scarcely ever present with her; it was the land that lay beyond the river, that filled her vision, and shut out from view the dark, swelling waves of Jordan.

Her sufferings were of such a nature, and her debility and weariness were so great, that *rest* was to her a most expressive word. How often after recovering from long coughing, she said: 'I feel so peaceful! In heaven there will be nothing but *peace*.' And again: 'Mother, I can't tell you how peaceful I feel. Heaven seems very near to me.'' The Saviour was a reality to her, a living presence. She 'walked by faith;' but to her, that *faith* was *sight*. One day, she said: 'I used to wish that I had lived while Jesus was on earth, that I might see him; but now I *can* see him and feel him; he is with me, he presses me to his bosom, and clasps me in his arms.' She thought much of her friends who were not Christians, and begged that they might be urged to love Christ. 'How dreadful to be sick without a Saviour.' She often said: 'I can trust Jesus, he has made me his child. I would rather be sick, and be a Christian, than to get well and not be one.' She had no thought that she had ever done anything good, but always spoke of herself with great humility. If commended for her patience, she would always say: 'I couldn't have done it, if Jesus had not helped me.' If anything seemed to benefit her,—'It wouldn't have done me any good, if Jesus had not blessed it.' She enjoyed, what many an older Christian fails to find, faith without a doubt; she saw her Father's hand in all. Her thoughtfulness and care for others, even in her most painful hours, was wonderful;—fear, lest in care and watching for her, they should fatigue themselves, and that sweet denial, even of what was essential to her own comfort, was constantly her spirit.

She asked often to have the Bible read to her;—'some of the promises;' and she repeated many portions of the Psalms and the New Testament. 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' was a very favorite Psalm with her, and she repeated with great delight, the verses: 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,' etc. The 14th of John, afforded great comfort to her; and the first Epistle of John, she was never tired of reading. 'How sweet this is,' she said once: 'God is our refuge and strength.' She admired the prayer of Habbakuk very much: 'How beautiful it is!'—and the invitation of Christ, 'Suffer little children,' etc. 'How very kind in Christ to say that to children.' She often said: 'What should we do without the Bible? There is no other book that says, 'I am the way, the truth and the life.'' Family worship was always delightful to her. She considered it a great privation, if she was necessarily absent; and through all her sickness, till within a week or two of her death, she wished the family assembled as usual. Her father said to her one night, as a reason why he did not come into her room at the customary time: 'I was afraid you were too weary.' 'Never too weary for *that* dear father,' she replied; and her brightening eye, and animated conversation, gave proof that she was indeed '*rested by it*.' Many hymns were very precious to her, especially one which she often repeated:

'No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place.'

Some of Willis' Sacred Poems she offered as sweet consolation to her mother: Lazarus and Mary; The Widow of Nain; and many others. Hers was a complete illustration of what a Christian character should be,—with perfect peace and confidence for the future, and most delightful anticipations of the 'rest that remained for her.' she still was full of interest and pleasure in all that pertained to this life. Her books, her favorite playthings and amusements, (for she had a child's heart still,) claimed her attention till almost the last hours of life. Often, after a paroxysm of coughing, from which it scarcely seemed possible for her to rally, she would ask some question about her reading, or make some remark upon it, which showed that she had not been thinking of herself or her sufferings, but that the busy, active mind had broken away from the clogs of disease and pain.

Her mind was perfectly unclouded till the very last; it furnished undeniable evidence of the immortality of the soul. No one calling himself an *infidel*, could have looked upon this scene,—all the powers so strong and in perfect exercise, one moment, only to be extinguished forever the next!—No! thank God; all these noble faculties, this reason, faith, hope and heavenly benevolence, were only released from the bonds of clay that held them confined, and removed into the light and liberty of eternity, there to unfold and expand forever.

Early on the morning of the 20th, as the earthly sun was rising, her eyes opened upon the glorious light of the Sun of Righteousness. After passing a very restless and suffering night, she awoke,—cheerful and apparently as full of life as ever; but in a few moments, the cough and difficult breathing came on, and after a few painful efforts, she peacefully yielded up her young spirit into the hands of that Saviour, who had so wonderfully upheld her. Only a moment or two before she ceased to breathe, her father said to her: 'You must lean on the precious Saviour.' Clearly and distinctly she answered: 'I do, sir;'—and went, with Bunyan's Pilgrim, 'over the river, *dry shod*.' Heaven's own peace, for which she had so longed, rested upon her face, and left its impress there, long after the freed spirit was bathing in its full, unbroken flood."

CORRECTIONS.

Page 31, line 14. For "the 5th of May" read "the 8th of May."
Page 58, line 7. For "aspirations" read "associations."
Page 75, line 31. To "b." add July 19, 1812.
Page 75, line 34. To "d." add July 31, 1872.
Page 83, line 42. For "1833" read "1832."

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